Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

On the Road.

To the person who really enjoys the country, who, it may be has passed months amid the same scenes in some cramped office or dull store—a ride over a road he has never travelled before, is always full of interest and enjoyment. There is a new pleasure in store with each mile gained, on ascending each hill, or going into each valley new scenes await the traveller,—with every turn in the road curiosity is awakened to take in the views that will come upon us when fully beheld, while each farm house passed, affords a study for those who love to imagine how buildings are planned, and how the occupants live. The road that is familiar to us seems long and tiresome; the road that is constantly presenting new scenes seems short and abounding with interest.

The river road from this city to Waterville on the West side of the river, is one we recently passed over for the first time; and it is certainly one of the most pleasant and delightful roads ever travelled. The road is in excellent condition, and while there are two or three eminences from which grand and extensive views are obtained, it is in the main a very level road, the approaches to these elevations being easy and gradual. Short hills, deep ravines and sharp turns succeed each other quite rapidly, giving a constant succession of new and interesting views, and just that variety of scenery which excites interest in the beholder. From the higher elevation just spoken of, fine views of the Kennebec are obtained, with an uninterupted outlook upon the towns on the east side of the river, ten or twelve miles from Winslow to Augusta, including the buildings at Oak Grove Seminary, the steeples and houses from among the trees at Getchell's Corner, the quiet village at Riverside, and the railroad threading its way among the trees and fields by the river's bank—the river itself forming one of the finest objects in the panorama outline. Every moment of the time occupied by the ride along the route indicated, was full of enjoyment because it gave new views and scenes that afforded fresh interest.

The farm houses along the road, with hardly an exception, are such as give abundant evidence of thrift and prosperity. They are for the most part conveniently located, well painted and in good repair. Many are new, some have been re-built and modernized, while occasionally we find specimens of the real old style farm house—low posted with its two story roof, or large, square and high, with huge chimneys in each end. The flower garden is seen in front of most of the houses, and a number of croquet sets were noticed. The latter we regard as a good sight; and where father and mother can join with children in an after supper game, so much the better. The fact is, our farmers and their families have had too much hard work and too little amusement; and where croquet and other games can be introduced to give variety, and break the monotony of hard work we say it is a sign of progress. We know of many farmers who take real pleasure in a game at croquet, and after a hard day's work in the hay field will join with the children in this amusement with keen relish. And not only were the dwellings, but the barns and outbuildings as well, in excellent repair. Large barns in good condition, a woodshed full of wood fitted for the fire, approved farm implements, housed when not in use in outbuildings provided for them—are sure evidences of good farming, and in no part of our State have we seen them to better advantage than on the river road through the excellent farming town of Sidney.

Along the section traversed the hay crop is a bountiful one, and at the time of which we write, July 17th, was about half secured. The crop has been gathered in excellent condition, and farmers along the line, spoke of the yield as being much heavier than the average. The general absence of road fences was also noticable. The road fences throughout entire school districts had been removed or allowed to become out of repair; and in such places the land along the highway was occupied and improved by the several owners, in many cases being cultivated to the path of travel. The grass was cut for miles together, grain was growing to the wheel tracks, and in one instance a farmer was raking hay with a horse rake, in the highway. We also observed several places where the land in the highway had been plowed nicely smoothed off and seeded. It certainly looked a little odd to see road fences down and the road sides cultivated, but we are inclined to think the plan one, that if generally adopted, would be generally liked. But to be effectual the plan must be agreed to by all residents in the section where it is to be adopted. It is no use to try it unless each will agree to keep his cattle out of the highway—then it may be put in operation. The road fences in our State are a great bill of expense, and aside from the expense of building them and keeping them in repair, they cause heavy road expenses in the way of snow bills for keeping the roads open in winter. All this could be saved by a general adoption of the plan of having no road fences. Then by arranging farm buildings so the barn yard could connect with the pasture by a narrow lane, all fences but those enclosing the pasture may be abolished. Still road and division fences may be discontinued, and thereby road sides, and fence corners rendered clean of weeds. It is true that by this plan, the fall feeding of mowing fields could not be practiced, but in the course of a few years the method would be productive of much benefit to our farms. Then, at the period when cattle are generally turned into mowing fields, let them be fed night and morning, and turned into the pasture. By this course of non-feeding the fields, they would give a greater yield—one more than sufficient to make up for the hay fed out in early fall. Gradually this method is coming into practice and we believe it will be an advantage to our farming when more generally adopted.

A Monstrous Grape Vine.

The *Pacific Rural Press*, published at San Francisco, gives an account of a grape vine growing near Santa Barbara, in that State, which is four feet and four inches in circumference in the largest part. It begins to branch out at about six or eight feet from the ground, and is then supported on framework, which it covers as a roof. The whole vine, supported on the framework, now covers over an acre of ground. Several of the limbs are as much as ten inches in circumference at a distance of 25 or 30 feet from the trunk. The annual yield of grapes from this mammoth vine is from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds. The clusters of grapes average, when ripe, from two to two and a half pounds each. The vine is on rather high ground, and it is stated that the ground about it has never been manured at all. The soil under it is hard, and the Spaniards dance under the shadow of the leaves of the vine, which form a completely sun-proof covering of living verdure. This vine by its product supported the old woman who owned it for many years. Another vine, near by, bids fair to rival the "father of all vines," the fruit from it rather excelling that of the "big vine." A small stream of water runs near both vines, which probably helps their growth.

The Possibilities of Hay-making.

"Make hay while the sun shines" is an old-time proverb, that has long had a practical application to one of the most important operations of the farm, as well as to many other duties of common life. When the sun shines is the time to make hay; then we must all be up and doing, for dull weather may come on, then the unmade hay must be put in the bunch to await sunny weather again. And as the hay harvest depends upon the sun, if farmers be not active when it shines, they may justly be accused of being slothful, and classed with those who deserve to "beg in harvest and have nothing." So also with the numerous duties of life. The time to do a thing is *now*. It is day and the sun shines, so let us make our hay, or in other words be up and at work for the sun may be clouded in, or the night may come on, and find our work unfinished. And so this simple proverb has a most forcable and practical application to the common affairs of every day life.

But it is an interesting and certainly not inappropriate subject for inquiry, whether we must always depend upon the sun to cure hay and be always subject to the uncertainties of the weather in securing this most important crop. In our climate, where the weather is often so changable and "catching" as farmers term it during the haying season, and when, as is the case in some seasons, dull, cloudy and rainy weather comes on for a week, over a large portion of the State, finding hundreds of tons of half made hay upon the ground—the question as to whether this great loss cannot be avoided, and some means of making hay devised whereby the risks and contingencies of unfavorable weather overcome, is a most interesting and certainly very important one.

With the aid of improved haying machinery that we now have, the operation of hay harvesting, instead of occupying three or four weeks, as is the case on most farms now, might, with some more *reliable* method of curing it, so to speak, than by solar heat, be performed in very much less time. As it is now, much grass before it can be cut becomes over ripe and woody, and as a consequence is greatly reduced in value for feeding purposes—some authorities say fully fifty per cent. The most important constituent of grass, phosphoric acid, is more than twice as great in young as in ripe grass, while the chief indigestable portion, the silica, is six times as great in the ripe as in the young grass. The experience of feeders more than bears out the deductions of chemists, and noted dairymen, whose authority is admitted everywhere, also fully sustain this view. If the entire hay crop of the country were cut when in flower instead of when dead ripe, the feeding value of the mass would undoubtedly be increased one-fourth. That is, the money value would be raised at least $3 per ton; equivalent to over $80,000,000 per year on the whole crop. And yet, while farmers are entirely dependent upon the sun for curing hay, much of this loss from late cut grass is unavoidable. There is conclusive evidence that the sun's heat upon hay for a considerable period—the time, for instance, required to drive off the foreign moisture in hay consequent upon its being out in a rain storm—changes the soluble and easily digestive matter in the hay to indigestible fibre, thereby greatly lessening its value for food. It is also conceded that the English method of curing hay in the cock, adds to the nutritive value of the same, while our method of curing it by exposure to the sun is destructive of its good quality. Indeed the plan of curing hay in the cock is preferable for most kinds of hay to curing it by solar heat. During the fermentation which goes on in the cock a portion of the substance which would have changed to woody fibre had it been exposed to the sun is changed to starch and sugar; the flavor of the hay is much improved, and not only is it more nutritious, but it is made more palatable to stock by this process. The excess of moisture is also carried off by the heat, and after standing in the cock twenty-four hours it may be safely stacked or put away in the mow. Besides, in this condition it is perfectly safe from changes of the weather, and may remain in the field a week if desirable, without damage in case of rain; especially if hay-caps are used. The cutting may then go on until the hay is all down and cocked, when it may be hauled without intermission.

But after all that has been said, must the hay-makers of the future depend upon the sun and upon fair weather for curing their hay? Or shall some means be devised whereby this work can be carried on expeditiously, continuously and satisfactorially in all weathers and at the proper time for cutting the grass, without the aid of the "old hay-maker?" The subject is certainly one of much importance, and one which we deem worthy of thought and effort until some such plan is successfully put in operation. Now why may not a dry house be built on each farm—something after the manner of the houses used for drying hops in hop-growing sections, cheaply constructed, with a flue, hot air chamber, and an endless rack or belt on which the hay could be placed and carried through the hot air chamber, the moisture expelled, and the hay come out perfectly cured at the other end of the flue? Is such a plan impracticable or impossible? Or if not consistent, or deemed too expensive for each farmer to have one, may not neighborhoods or districts club together and build a more extensive and elaborate drying house, with a capacity for a large district of country. Is not this practicable, is it not possible, is it not even probable? Who will construct such a contrivance for perfectly curing hay in dull weather, or who will experiment in a small way in curing hay after this fashion, and giving the results to the farmers of our State. What think you, practical farmers, of this plan?

☞ We are indebted to Messrs. S. & J. H. Faught of Sidney, for a peck of fine Early Rose potatoes, which grew between the 6th of May and the 19th of July. Some of them weighed 10 ounces each.

Saving the Liquid Manure.

There is no necessity more keenly felt at the present time among farmers, not only in our own State, but also throughout all the Eastern States, than is the necessity for an increase in the supply of fertilizers. Many plans for the renovation of run down farms cannot be consummated, for the want of available manures in addition to what are now used; many farms would be still further improved could the needed manure be obtained; crops would be greatly increased and additional crops grown—stock would be fed better, and better returns therefrom realized, did not the same check restrain efforts in such directions. In short, how frequently do we hear farmers saying they would make their farms shine, if they only had all the manure they could use! Commercial fertilizers are purchased to a considerable extent to supply the pressing want, but they cost high, and in many cases the returns from their use hardly pay a profit on the investment. What shall be done is a question which presents itself at every turn, and one which comparatively few are practically answering.

That there is great waste of manurial agents on almost every farm is now, since attention has been directed to the matter, pretty generally considered. That the want of more manure could in a great measure be supplied by proper attention to the saving of that which is now going to waste, is also true. The greatest waste is in the loss of liquid manures, particularly the urine of the stock. A cow, for instance, it has been carefully estimated, will void eight thousand pounds of liquid in the course of a year, which undiluted and fermented, is too strong to apply to any growing plant. A horse will void about the same quantity, and it is still stronger than that from the cow. Indeed wherever a horse voids its urine upon the sward when at pasture, the grass is entirely killed. Some estimate can from this be made of the great value of the urine from a large stock. The oft repeated statement that the liquid voidings from a stock are worth as much as the solid droppings, is not extravagant. Yet comparatively few farmers utilize any considerable portion of this valuable material.

Conceding the necessity of saving these liquid manures, it becomes an important question with progressive farmers, who wish to introduce improved practices into their operations, how it shall be done. With them it is no longer a question whether it shall be done. Two methods present themselves for consideration—one is to allow the liquid to accumulate and apply it to the soil in that condition and the other is to absorb it with material prepared for the purpose, and apply the compost to the soil. There are obstacles to be encountered in putting either of the methods in practice. The present prevailing style of barns with basements, as now building, furnish all the fixtures needed where absorbing material is to be used; and the arrangement is not expensive. The great expense in this method—and it is not by any means inconsiderable—is in supplying, preparing and using large quantities of absorbing material, and handling, carting, and applying the same after the liquid is combined with it. All know that the fertilizing material contained in a ton of compost, when separated from the material with which it is combined, weighs but a few pounds only. All this bulk—this great weight of material is nearly or quite useless as a fertilizer. Hence certain farmers, not chargable with persistent efforts to supply muck and loam for absorbing material, have been known to say they were not going to cart their farm into the barn cellar to get it manured, and then be under the necessity of carting it back again. The argument has a show of reason when not probed to the bottom.

Saving the liquid and applying it to the land in that condition theoretically is an easy matter, but when put to a practical test, difficulties are encountered. As yet there are very few farmers who have practiced this method to any extent. If the liquid is saved, in a liquid state, a water tight tank or vault must be constructed into which the liquid is conducted. This of course can be done, but is quite expensive. Yet the great difficulty is in its application. It is found in practice, that when crops are manured with liquid manure, it is necessary the applications be continued at intervals through the whole season. This it is very difficult to do after the growing crop occupies the ground. Mr. Mechi, of Tipton Hall, London, overcame this difficulty by laying pipes in which to conduct the liquid to all parts of the farm at any time desired. His example, however, is not likely to be followed by many farmers. It cannot be kept, like a pile of compost, till large quantities accumulate; neither can it be applied while the field is covered with growing crops.

This subject is of great importance, and should be carefully considered by every farmer. If any means can be devised by which fertilizing material can be saved and utilized in a more concentrated form than that in which it is now formed in our bulky loads of manure, it certainly would be a great advantage to those who handle it. At the present time, however, it is questionable whether any better method is known than to use absorbents. At any rate, save the liquid manure in some manner.

About Agricultural Colleges.

Below are some sensible views on the scope and aims of an agricultural college, which we find in the Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for 1872, some mention of which was made in our columns a week or two since. The extract is made from a paper on Agricultural Education by Ir. George T. Anthony; and the sensible expressions of the writer will convince our readers that the farmers of the extreme and new west understand the problem of a practical agricultural education quite as well as we of the older east, and we are gratified to know that Kansas is solving this problem in a satisfactory manner at its agricultural college at Manhatten. Mr. Andrews says:

"To make an Agricultural School of real value, it must embrace a course of instruction and a system of teaching radically different from a literary institution. You cannot pin an Agricultural College to the tail of the old college kite. It must be *the kite itself*, with a tail of its own, kept free from the musty, classic rubbish of the old collegiate course. An Agricultural College can never be run upon Greek and Latin stilts, but must be brought down to the solid footing of plain instruction in theory, science and practice of Agriculture and Mechanics. Manual labor must be a part and parcel of College discipline and instruction. The hands must be educated to apply what the head is made to understand. The student must enter it as young men do the counting room or machine shop—*to learn a trade.*

The College must be supplied with ample grounds for the cultivation of fruit, grain, vegetables, ornamental trees, shrubbery and flowers. The studies in school-room and laboratory must be coined into the solid currency of practical results, and sealed with the sweat of the student's face upon the farm. Botany, zoology, mineralogy, geology and chemistry must be taught with reference to their application to the life-work of the student, and not as pure science, that he may go out unencumbered with unpractical theories and a vague understanding of the uses of his learning. A shop well supplied with the needful tools to build rustic arbors and plain trellises; to keep buildings, fences, gates and implements in repair, is an indispensable adjunct to an institution of this kind, and their use a necessary part of duty and discipline for the student, always, however, under proper instruction. In short an Agricultural College should be unlike any other college. It should be in close sympathy with the best and much the largest portion of our people—the producers. It must feel every throb of the great public heart, and answer every demand of those who live by labor and desire to educate themselves in the most intelligent and acceptable methods of labor. It must graduate *men*, fit for farmers and proud of a life-calling that is elevated and honored by their pursuit of it."

Editorial Notes.

The show bill of the Somerset Central Society, for their annual exhibition to be held at Skowhegan, Sept. 23d—25th, has been attractively printed in colors by Wm. K. Moody, of the *Somerset Reporter*. The Trustees have decided to open competition for its premiums to the entire county, of which they offer a very liberal and well arranged list, including all classes of live stock, field and garden crops, manufactures &c. Hon. A. Coburn, President; B. M. Hight, Wm. D. Hayden, Levi C. Emery, Trustees; Wm. B. Snow, Secretary; Josiah B. Field, Marshall.

The party composing the Agricultural Editorial Excursion, left New York on Tuesday of last week for Virginia, Texas, Colorado and the Parks of the Rocky Mountains, to be absent five or six weeks. It is composed entirely of editors and representatives of agricultural journals, and numbers between thirty and forty persons. They have a train of two palace cars and so perfectly have the arrangements for the excursion been carried out that the entire trip is made without change of cars Among the party are Russell P. Eaton of the *New England Farmer*, X. A. Williard, Alexander Hyde, Thomas Mechan, Andrew S. Fuller, D. H. Strother—the celebrated Porte Crayon of *Harper's*—and lots of others equally as well known to readers of agricultural journals. Our duties are such that we could not possibly accept the invitation to be one of the number. The manager of the excursion Mr. Henry T. Williams of the *Horticulturist*, is well known in connection with similar expeditions, and fully understands the way to perform the delicate and responsible duties in connection therewith to the satisfaction of all parties. May the excursion be a successful and enjoyable one.

We are under obligations to Mr. Stephen Lord of Hallowell for just as many splendid "black heart" cherries, as one could want. And will not the evening ride to that quiet old borough so famous for cherries and granite, and the ransacking of ancient cherry trees, and the eating of ripe cherries to the full—long remain a bright spot in our own and our children's memories? Verily, yea! Mr. Lord informed us he had in one year and also for many years in succession, gathered six bushels of cherries from one tree, and that one year he sold them for seven dollars a bushel. The tree is now between thirty and forty years old, and bears heavily every year.

For the Maine Farmer.

Merits of Ayrshire Stock.

Dr. Sturtivant, in a recent lecture before the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, says: "Dutch cattle require fertile pastures and lands unaffected by drouths—their original homes being among the fertile marshes of Holland. The Durham Short Horn, bred for ages for a special purpose, and lacking in extreme hardness of constitution, is better fitted for fertile, rolling, limestone pastures, and to exceptional locations in dairy districts. The Jersey is the rich man's cow, requires shelter and rich food, and with her rich product of milk can, if rightly located, be made profitable. But the Ayrshire by her past and present history is fitted for poor land, periodically withered by drouth, while at the same time she responds gratefully to good food and kind treatment." That she is hardy is well known, even to a superiority over other breeds.

While the Dutch, Durham and Jerseys are imported from mild and fertile lands abounding in rich pastures, the Ayrshires come to us from the cold, sterile hills of Scotland, and are better adapted to our northern latitude. From experience with the different breeds of cows I am satisfied that the Ayrshire gives a greater product of milk in proportion to food consumed than any other breed. I now have in the same pasture three milk cows—a Jersey, a Durham and Jersey, and an Ayrshire—all good cows and near the same age, and all dropped calves in May. The pasture is high, light land and quickly affected by drouth, and for the past four weeks the feed has been very short for lack of rain. I have noticed, for several years, when the feed was light the Durham and Jersey cows seemed discouraged with their poor pasture, and spent much of the day lying down, while the Ayrshire cow kept busy grubbing during the entire day and came up full at night. They are all fed the same at night with an equal quantity of green cut grass. The Ayrshire yields one third more milk than either of the others and of as rich a quality, viz.: fourteen quarts of strained milk daily, which I consider a very good yield considering the short feed.

M.

For the Maine Farmer.

Information Wanted.

I wish to enquire of those who have had experience in raising turkeys, what are the most important rules to be observed in order to have success. Is it necessary to breed from old ones both male and female, that is, from birds two years old or more; and will not turkeys eggs hatch better under hens than turkeys? In the month of May I set a turkey on sixteen eggs, and all I got for my pains was a nest of rotten eggs, nothing more. With hens I have had better success in hatching, but the young turkeys look more like the "last rose of summer" than any thing else I can compare them to. Now what I desire to know is, what course to pursue in order to get strong, hardy turkeys, and how to get them by setting turkeys on the eggs. A few words from the pen of practical experience will be thankfully received.

Charleston. W. H. JORDAN.

For the Maine Farmer.

Sowing Seed Corn.

A Seasonable Suggestion.

There has been much complaint the past spring by our farmers, that their corn came up very uneven, much of it having rotted in the ground. The probability is that it had lost its vitality before it was planted. With sweet corn, which ripens late, there has frequently for years past been a similar trouble. The best method I find for having good seed corn is to go into the field before a killing frost, and select the best and dryest ears and hang them up in a warm room where they will become thoroughly dry before freezing weather, and during winter hang them in an attic of the house where the themometer will not fall below zero. If there is sufficient moisture in corn to freeze, or it is exposed to a very low temperature after it is dry, its vitality is destroyed.

For the Maine Farmer,

Education of Farmers.

In the FARMER of May 3d, 1873., S. G. Foster of "Hillsdale Farm" animadverts on some sentiments that he heard expressed at an agricultural meeting, to the effect that farmers needed no more than a common school education and the perusal of agricultural papers, and questioning the utility of the Agricultural College at Orono. Mr. Foster seemed to call for a defense of these sentiments by those who entertain them. I therefore deemed it good manners for me to wait to give such a chance before presenting any views of my own. As sufficient time has elapsed, I now beg consideration for a few remarks. In support of the position urged by Mr. Foster, I would add that farmers need a more extensive knowledge than is to be gained at the common school in order to judge of the matter found in the papers. Our papers, however valuable, are not perfect; and it is of course to be expected where the largest liberty is given for correspondents, that many sentiments will be expressed that are not really correct. And thus, in papers other than agricultural, which maintain an Agricultural Department, as any one may notice, articles often appear recommending plans and motives entirely unadapted to the locality and circumstances of those who read. These articles are snatched up in a hurry and inserted by the editor or somebody without knowing, and often without caring, whether they are good for anything or not.

Again terms are often used and ideas alluded to in agricultural papers and books which require an extension in knowledge beyond the common school in order to understand. Said a man to me the other day in relation to the Report of the Maine Board of Agriculture, "I can't understand it. They use this high flown talk that I am not acquainted with." To be sure, this man had not so good an education as the common schools would give him, and yet there are often used in this and similar productions, scientific terms and allusions requiring a little more than a common school education to understand. The propriety of these terms and allusions is unquestionable. Agricultural investigation has traveled into the realm of science, and the progress made cannot be delineated without using scientific terms. Even the deductions of science as bearing on agriculture cannot be supposed yet to be perfect. Much error must be supposed yet to exist in the teachings of scientific men. How shall the farmers be able to separate truth from error and judge correctly for himself, without some knowledge of those sciences connected with his calling? It is not proper for the farmer to be in leading strings, and follow blindly those who may be blind themselves; he should know of his own knowledge and be able to decide matters for himself. It is only this that can give farmers leading, controling position in society, and in the management of affairs that we talk about so much, and which from his numerical superiority and the importance of his calling he is entitled to. Instead of being always led he must take a part in the leading. And he cannot do this without knowledge, and a more extended knowledge than can be acquired in the common schools.

Some such institution as our Agricultural College I have been anxiously wishing for for many years. We have got it at last, and in my opinion it should not be lightly valued. Many misgivings are felt in regard to it by many throughout the State, with how much reason I am not able to decide. But we have got it, and it is ours. We can mould and fashion it to our liking. Most certain I feel that such an institution may be made a vast advantage to the State, and I would warn the people of the State not to destroy it or suffer it to become useless through want of sympathy or support. But I would caution the farming community against the error of supposing that this institution is going to be all that is needed to rightly educate the farmers of the State. Of course but very few can directly enjoy its advantages. The influence of these as they mingle with the people in their future activity will be something favorable to be sure, but cannot in proper time if ever, elevate the farming community to that standard of acquirement that is required. We must be cautious of any measures that will tend to elevate a few and leave the mass in hopeless, contented ignorance. We must get a lever under the mass and elevate them together. How can this be done? By first convincing the people of the necessity and propriety of the thing, and thus inducing and assisting them to educate themselves. I apprehend that the time will come when the bounty of the State will be invoked to endorse schools in different parts of the State, or perhaps only departments in existing institutions, where a considerable number of young men, and young women too if you please, may enjoy facilities for acquiring information in those higher branches required for the better prosecution of the productive business of life. But even this will not be enough. The people generally must be encouraged to study at home. This may seem chimerical, but I regard it as entirely practicable and proper. For myself, I have always been studying, mostly at home too, ever since my first remembrance. I commenced the study of geology after I was sixty years old, and the result has been one thing sure. A great deal of regret and a little shame that I had not studied it before. How blind I had been all my life. Walking over, and handling things possessing a vast amount of interest and advantage, and profoundly ignorant of the fact. I would not now part with what I know in regard to geology for the product of a whole year's labor. Now how many young farmers there are, not more engrossed in the business of life than I have been, who might acquire, without any important sacrifice of pecuniary interest, an amount of knowledge sufficient to elevate them to a plane of intelligence and mental power that would fit them to perform functions, and exert their proper influence in the community. I have not space for details, I must leave the matter here. But I urge these views upon the mass of Maine farmers who do not know so much as they ought. And I do it with the more freedom because I am one of them.

Grass Dale, Salem. ALBERT PEASE.

For the Maine Farmer.

St. Albans Cheese Association.

This cheese Association put their factory in operation the 7th inst. The first day it received 979 lbs of milk and the supply has been on the increase each day since. The 12th it received 1679 lbs., and as soon as haying is over it will probably receive double that, and yet it has received only a small portion of the milk produced within easy distance of our factory. When our farmers look at the new way impartially, and compare it with the way they have for fifty years past been producing milk and wasting one half of it, they will soon fall in with the factory system; yet there is room in this town and others for conversions in that respect. I will say one word more to the skeptical. Please weigh and measure your milk for one week and see if it is possible for you to obtain as much profit at home as you can to take your milk to the factory. Our factory is under the care of A. S. Whittier, formerly of Readfield. Having been a practical cheese maker at home we sent him to Barre, Mass., to learn the factory system of Mr. Davis one of the best cheese makers in Massachusetts. We are confident we shall furnish as good quality for markets in Maine as can be imported. Farmers of Maine, within six or eight miles of a cheese factory, it is a duty you owe to yourselves, the town, the county and the State in which you live, to patronize encourage and foster all such enterprises intended for the benefit of the farmers of the State. No other enterprise has ever been introduced into Maine so directly conducive to your benefit. It is hoped you will see it in this light.

Some yet expect the Association to go and collect the milk. We would say to such men, we have done our duty to you and fulfilled our part of the contract. Now you take the same interest we have for you, and organize on each road leading into this centre and start teams together and bring in your milk each morning, and you will thus be doing your part not only for your selves, but will by such a course be at work as we have been for the public good. *Pro bono publico* should in all such enterprises be each and every one's motto.

E. C. BUKER.

Sec'y. St. Albans Cheese Association.

For the Maine Farmer.

Common Salt.

As common and abundant as is the use of salt yet with this as with many other common things, very few know anything of its character or composition. Though existing in different forms, all kinds when pure have precisely the same composition. The chemist will take 58½ ounces of pure salt and show you that it is made of 23 ounces of a white metal called sodium united with 36½ ounces of a greenish colored gas, called chlorine. The metal sodium is like bright silver in appearance, but it is nearly eleven times lighter than silver. The chlorine is as an air-like substance, 1¼ times heavier than air and not quite so transparent, for when a glass jar is filled with it, instead of air, it has a greenish color, though you can see through it if the jar be not large. This gas has a strong pungent odor, so much so that a pint jar full of it let out into the air in a large room would set you coughing, and a few quarts of it would produce death. If you fill a jar holding nearly five gallons with chlorine, and then drop into the jar a single ounce of the white metal sodium, all the gas will condense and unite with the little piece of metal and you will then have 3½ ounces of pure salt. Is it not wonderful that two such substances as the pure bright metal and the suffocating gas should thus unite and make so simple and inert a substance as the salt we eat every day. Yet this is a fact, and it is only one of the wonders that chemistry reveals to us. This bit of conversation may make our common salt a more interesting object hereafter.

Salt as a manure has been long recommended, and in some localities it has been highly esteemed and profitably applied to the land, and in many cases it has failed to produce any sensible improvement of the growing crop, and as failures are long remembered and more generally made known than successful experiments, has prevented the use of salt in many cases where it might have been the means of much good. No doubt plants require for their sustenance and growth a certain supply of each of the constituents of common salt, which supply in general they must obtain from the soil. It may be presumed that among our cultivated crops saline manures would be more beneficial to wheat, oats, potatoes, turnips and grass than corn—that they will promote more the development of the leaf and stem than of the filling of the ear. I have in mind a piece of wheat upon one half of which was applied broadcast about two bushels of salt. It came up better, grew more rank, looked better color, and this difference was perceptible all the season, but as the crop of grain I am unable to give the result, and the grass crop that followed was increased in proportion over that part upon which no salt was applied, and the best piece of corn I ever saw was dressed with a mixture of salt and ashes, and applied with the manure in the hill, and this too on a poor, sandy soil. I suggest that farmers experiment with this substance on land which they seed down to grass, either by broadcast application or mixed with manure, and report through the FARMER as to their success both as to the grain crop, and also as to the crop of grass following. The trifling cost of this article is certainly an argument in favor of its more general use.

Standish, July, 1873. I. D. H.

For the Maine Farmer.

Obtaining New Varieties of the Strawberry.

New varieties of the strawberry may be very easily obtained. All that is necessary is to select a few of the largest and best strawberries, press out and plant the seed. They will come up in a short time and make considerable growth the present season. Another season the plants will commence yielding fruit, and no two will be of similar quality. The best varieties can be saved for propogation and the inferior kinds destroyed. The young plants will make a more rapid growth if planted in shoal boxes or pots, with rich earth and kept well watered. They should be protected from extreme cold in the winter.

The easiest method of cultivating the strawberry, is to set out a bed every year or two in rows or hills and keep down the weeds with the hoe till the runners prevent, and when the patch becomes too much overgrown with weeds, plough in. It is less work to set out a patch occasionally than to keep the weeds out of an old bed. Strawberries to grow large and yield well require rich land. M.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Currant Worm.

The season for the depredation of the currant worm is about over for this year, but they have done their work pretty thoroughly in most cases to the loss of fruit and foliage. Almost every application has been made to destroy them and failed. They made their attack on my bushes in large numbers, and I met them at the threshold (for I did not like to lose my fruit) and killed them as fast as they came on, hunting them morning and evening until I completed the work of destruction, and I have the pleasure of seeing my bushes in good, healthy condition, and loaded with luscious fruit that is pleasant to the taste and conducive to health. I think the only effective way to save the small fruits from the ravages of the worm, is to exterminate them at once by hand picking. A. W. MOORE.

North Anson, July 11th, 1873.

For the Maine Farmer.

Register of Maine Horses.

Beulah--Change of Name.

In the FARMER of June 21st, I claimed the name of CAPITOLA for my bay filley, got by Dirigo, by Old Drew; dam of Capitola by Beal's horse, by Old Eaton. I see by your paper dated July 5th, that S. P. Archibald of Montecello has a prior claim to the above name. I will therefore change the name of my colt to BEULAH. C. D. MILLER.

Skowhegan.

Names Claimed.

HUMMINGBIRD for my three year old colt; got by Col. Kling, by Gen. Knox; dam, an Eaton mare; stands 14½ hands high; color dark sorrel.

FARMER BOY for my colt six years old this spring. Got by an Eaton horse; dam, a Drew mare; stands 15 hands 3 inches in height; color dark sorrel. GUSTAVUS SAWTELLE.

Sidney.

Lady Gilbreth--Prior Claim.

I see that Mr. B. R. Hunt claims the name of Lady Gilbreth for his mare. I have a prior claim. I claimed the name of LADY GILBRETH for my Gilbreth Knox colt in the FARMER of March 8th, 1873. Please correct him.

Fairfield. J. F. CILLEY.

Lady May---Correction.

I wish you to correct a mistake you made in publishing the name of my two year old mare colt. I gave you the name of LADY MAY, you printed it as "Lady Mary." JOSHUA BLINN.

Dresden Mills.

Billy Barlow.

I claim the name of BILLY BARLOW for my colt foaled May 11th, 1873; color, sorrel or chestnut with white stripe in face. Messenger blood; dam unknown. WM. H. DANIELS.

North Exeter.

Old Probability.

I claim the name of OLD PROBABILITY for my stallion, foaled June 20, 1870. Color, dark bay, with black points; weighs 915 lbs., and stands 15 hand, high. Got by Monmouth Boy; by Gen. Knox; dam, by the Stinchfield horse; by Old Eaton; by the old Avery horse; dam of the Stinchfield horse by the Quimby horse.

Monmouth. H. T. WALKER.

Lady Mac.

I claim the name of LADY MAC for my filly, foaled July 15th, 1871; color chesnut, black points, stands 14½ hands high; got by Young Mac, by Gen. McLellan; dam, by Arabian Hunter. A. S. DRUMMOND.

Arrowsic.

Crown Prince.

I claim the name of CROWN PRINCE for my gray colt foaled May 3d, 1873; got by King William, by Orange County Hampton; dam, white mare Lady Nellie, by Gray Eagle, by the Hunton Horse; 2d dam by Whalebone, by Old Sherman Morgan. J. W. THOMPSON.

Hartford.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Farmers' Declaration of Independence.

I think the "Farmers' Declaration of Independence" published in last week's FARMER, a move in the right direction, and every other State in the Union should go immediately and do likewise. In this section the farmers are overworked and taxed more than they can bear, and such a move appears to be the only help for us. It is easy to see that Congress men mean to vote themselves into office for life, if this salary grab is quietly passed over and Gen. Grant is probably concerned in the job. Our government officers term of office is much too long, and it is quite time to be moving to secure shorter terms and better men for the places. A FARMER.

Skowhegan.

Sale of a Fine Colt.

Mr. A. W. Brackett of Pittsfield, has sold the five years old Drew colt Von Moltke, to New York parties for $7000. He is the colt that trotted a half mile at the N. E. Fair in 1871, in 1.19 at three years old, and has trotted a full mile on the Pittsfield track this season in 2.30¼, in an unfit condition. The colt has created very much admiration in this vicinity among lovers of fine horses, generally wherever shown. He is a grand son of Old Drew out of a mare by Merrow, by Witherell; his grandam was by Witherell, giving him a pedigree running back to the finest bloods ever owned in Maine. SUBSCRIBER.

Newport.

Hay Crop in Oxford County.

We are in the midst of haying. We shall get only an average quantity in this section.

Hartford, July 4th. J. W. THOMPSON.

Note from Penobscot County.

Crops as a general thing are looking well in this vicinity. Haying has commenced and will be as good a crop as last year, in many instances better. Wheat bids fair to pay the farmer well for his trouble and expense. Corn got a late start, but is now growing fast and looks nicely. The apple crop will be comparatively a light one. W. H. JORDAN.

Charleston July 13th.

Sales of Thoroughbred Stock.

Dr. N. R. Boutelle of Waterville, has lately sold to E. L. Hibbard of East Franklin, Vt., the yearling Jersey bull Handy Andy, H. R. 832, and to H. H. King of Calais, the Jersey cow Mirabel, H. R. 721; also Essex pigs to T. B. Hunter of Phillips and George Hunter of Strong.

Ventilation for Poultry.

It looks reasonable that fowls should have plenty of ventilation, just the same as other kinds of live stock on the farm, and the human beings who own or manage it. But there is a circumstance connected with this subject of ventilation for poultry, which I have never seen alluded to by any writer except in one instance, by Gail Hamilton, in a "Prose Henriade" in the Atlantic Monthly some years ago. It is the habit of small chickens, no matter what the number or the weather, to cluster at night, and often during the day, under the mother, where if any ventilation is possible, it comes in a way which no "lancier" has ever yet explained. There they stay all night certainly, at a temperature of about 100 deg. the same as that for hatching, and instead of being harmed by it, are always a little better than "new" when the morning sun invites the mother to renewed labor in providing for their wants. How do they endure it? is the question. How do they get fresh air where there is evidently about as limited a quantity of *any* sort of air, fresh or not fresh, as is possible to conceive? With their little bills buried among the mother's feathers, and held closely against her warm body, one would suppose it an impossibility to breathe at all; but they *do*, and thrive under it.—*Country Gentleman.*

Ornament in Woodwork.

The American *Builder* gives carpenters and architects some very good advice in regard to the ornamentation of wooden houses by cut and carved work.

You may be sure that the more elaborate and covered with ornament and carving the building is, the more you are going on the wrong track. Real beauty consists not in added features, but in the body of the work itself, and this fact should always be borne in mind.

The principles of carving wood for outside ornament is wrong. We would not say it is to be discarded altogether, but still we have that leaning. Cut work, and that of the simplest kind, is the best. Complexity in forms and ornament is mostly bad. It not only requires unnecessary labor to produce, but there is actually vexation in the mind of the spectator. When people see a thing that is so crowded with intricate work that it gives them trouble to make it out, it is tolerable good evidence that such work is not exactly what is wanted.

Give great attention to the sizes and proportions of doors and windows, and pay especial attention to the sizes and construction, and never, if possible, conceal its principles, but let them form the basis of the ornament. Mouldings, cornices and miter are not to be put in exposed positions. It is surprising what an excellent effect can be produced by cutting, even with little or no moulding or carving.

Italian vs. Black Bees.

Having read a good deal in your valuable journal of the superiority of the Italian bees, I will state what I know about the stock, even hybrids. I had one pure queen that mated with a black drone, and the consequence, hybrid progeny. In 1871, a very poor season for bees and honey, this colony cast one swarm, gathered honey enough, wintered well and came out strong in the spring, while the black bees literally did nothing. In 1872 they cast two swarms; while the black bees, in the same hives and with the same care, did not cast a single swarm. And it does not end here, for upon examination preparatory to winter, I found the hybrids had honey, and to spare, and twice, in some cases three times, as strong in numbers as the black bees, which had to be fed. Now, if the hybrids are so much superior, I

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 26, 1873.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. Darling will visit Penobscot County in June and July.

Mr. C. S. Ayer will canvas the counties of Androscoggin and Sagadahoc during the ensuing month.

Mr. J. S. Small is no longer recognized by us as an agent for the Maine Farmer, and his appointment as such is hereby revoked. He will please report at this office forthwith.

Exit the Shah.

The Persian Monarch, called in the Eastern dialects, the *Shah*, the successor of Nebuchadnezzar, and Darius and Cyrus the Great, after having been dined, and wined and feted by the chief rulers in Christendom, has suddenly set his face toward his own dominions, his departure having been hastened by an insurrection in one of his provinces. The principal object of his visit to Western Europe was to attend the Universal Exposition at Vienna, but being cordially invited, he visited Germany and England and probably would have prolonged his stay and perhaps come to the United States, had not his return been demanded by the insubordination of his subjects.

At Vienna and Berlin he was the recipient of such regal attentions as is rarely bestowed even upon crowned heads at these proud and punctilious courts, though at the latter place he advised the Emperor William to behead his aged and venerable queen, and fill her place with a fairer and younger spouse.

But it was left to christian and enlightened England to be the most lavish in attentions to this heathen monster. One object of this brilliant reception, and probably the principal one was to impress upon the Eastern monarch, the ease with which England with her great maritime resources, can land an army at any accessible part of his dominions, and to neutralize the material force of Russia. This same Persian King during the first years of his reign invaded one of England's colonies, and England having forced him to make peace at the cannon's mouth, doubtless desired to take advantage of this occasion to again impress upon him her ability to defend her Eastern possessions. When he arrived at Dover he was received by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur, and was welcomed by the largest collection of iron clad ships that was ever before gathered together in one place. Immense crowds thronged the shores, salutes were fired from the fleet and from the forts; the Mayor and corporation presented an address, after which the Shah and his friends took a special train to London, where still higher honors awaited him. In the evening he dined at Marlborough house with the Prince of Wales and other dignitaries of the British Court. The meanness of self interest reached its climax when the Queen of England received this coarse barbarian at Windsor Castle. Doubtless her womanly pride and delicacy rebelled against it, but state reasons always outweigh these. He was received in great state; a review of the house troops was had, and besides the Queen there were present the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince Imperial of Russia and his wife, the Duke of Cambridge and many others. The Lord Mayor of London also gave a sumptuous entertainment in honor of the visit of this beastly glutton, at Guildhall, when three thousand persons were invited. This Guildhall for more than six centuries has been used only for banquets for the great personages of Europe. After the banquet an address was read, which Sir Henry Rawlinson translated into Persian, and the Shah's reply was also reduced to English.

It is uncertain how long these honors would have continued if the Shah had not suddenly left, but his departure must certainly be a great relief to all decent English people.

A story is told of the Shah which illustrates his ideas of government, and shows that he did not improve much by his brief intercourse with western society. While he was in London a reception was given him at the palace of the Duke of Sutherland, which is the largest and most elegantly finished and furnished private dwelling house in England. The magnificent style of the entertainment was such that on the day following, the Shah advised the Prince of Wales to behead the Duke of Sutherland, because his power might endanger the reigning sovereign. The Prince answered that the law did not permit it, whereupon the Shah said "well you can at least put out his eyes." The Persian autocrat could not understand how any law could be so passed and enforced as to obstruct the royal will. No such thing is known in Persia, and the boon of life is enjoyed only at the will of the reigning sovereign.

The Shah was lavish of his money and so will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the cockneys. In addition to the many costly presents made by him in London, he gave $8,000 to be distributed among the servants of Buckingham palace, and $1200 to the policemen stationed there.

He sent his regards to the President of the United States and his regrets that he could not visit Washington, but the regrets were doubtless all on one side.

We have nothing to fear and nothing to hope from such as he, and fortunate we are that no State policy calls upon us to offer the freedom of our cities to this Eastern barbarian. He has gone home to his harem of wives and concubines where it is hoped he will remain. Tom Moore's Oriental heroes are myths, creations of the poet's imagination, at least, so England believes after a fortnight's experience with their Shah.

☞ The route from Portland to Rochester over the Portland and Rochester railroad, through the towns of Westbrook, Gorham, Windham, Waterboro', Alfred and Sanford is a very pleasant one. The road is in fine order and the company's cars are all that a traveler can desire. The town of Rochester, which at the present time is the terminus of the road, has grown into importance, more from its railroad connections than from its local business. It is situated six miles north of Great Falls, has a large shoe manufactory, two printing offices and about six thousand inhabitants. The Conway branch of the Eastern road passes through here, and also the branch of the Boston & Maine which leads to Lake Winnipisseogee. When the P. & R. road is completed to Nashua, which it will be at no distant day, this will afford the most direct and in several other respects the best route from Maine to New York and Albany. The carrying places through Boston will be avoided, and several hours be saved.

☞ Out of the 363 water powers located in the towns traversed by the Maine Central Railroad, fourteen have an aggregate power of 74,000 horse, or 3,700,000 spindles, about seven times the number operated in Lowell. The suitable use of the great reservoirs of the rivers upon which these privileges are located will add 50 per cent. to the present power.

☞ It has been decided that the next session of the Maine Board of Agriculture will be holden in Houlton, sometime toward the last of September.

City News and Gossip. The Coburn Land Company's head quarters have been removed from Skowhegan to this city. They are to occupy the rooms in the brick store on Water street, south of Wills & Stanley.—The meetings of Seth Williams Post G. A. R. have been suspended while the dog star rages. The next regular meeting will be holden Sept. 19th.—Piper & Son have on exhibition in their window some beautiful peaches raised by J. A. Varney of Vassalboro.—The son of Mrs. Sarah A. Fletcher aged 15, was killed in New York Tuesday. Particulars not given.—The city is being canvassed for a new directory.—Pinkham's big team took a party to Silver Lake, Tuesday.—Burglars are at work in this city. The confectionary shop in the Kennebec bridge was broken into Saturday night and goods and money taken, and on Tuesday a pane of glass was removed from the store of J. F. Pierce, but the burglar was driven off by the police.—Mr. W. S. Badger of the Farmer is rusticating at Bradley's in East Vassalboro.—The barge Yosemite is doing a good business. The weather is very favorable for excursionists.—The Sabbath Schools are talking of an excursion to Richmond camp ground, by rail.—Hon. Lot M. Morrill gave an admirable address before the Reform Club, Sunday afternoon. He was followed by W. P. Drew, Esq., who spoke eloquently for an hour.—Hon. Eugene Hale member of Congress was on a visit to Speaker Blaine last week.—Mr. Penney will spend his vacation during the heated term at Little Diamond island in Portland harbor.—Several persons have been before the Municipal Court during the past week, charged with imbibing too freely. The officers should cut off the supply of the poison.—We can testify to the excellent quality of the bread from the ovens of the Augusta bakery.—Wm. P. Whitehouse, Esq., Hon. N. G. Hichborn and Josiah G. Coburn, commissioners on new insane hospital, appointed under resolve of the last legislature, advertise for proposals from cities, towns or individuals, offering inducements for the location of a new insane hospital.—The Portland *Advertiser* says that President Grant and family are to visit Speaker Blaine in this city August 5th.—The question of a lamp at the junction of Capitol and Grove streets is still pending. We did not suppose the question was one of such magnitude as to require this long deliberation by the city fathers.—A new society has been organized in this city called the "Humboldt Scientific Clam Club" of North America. The society started on their first expedition this (Thursday) morning, intending to visit Rodent, sometimes called Mouse Island. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to accompany the party, which we were obliged to decline.—Gov. Perham was at the State House Wednesday and nominated a few Justices of the Peace and renominated the old members of the board of trustees of the Soldier's Orphans' Home, at Bath, whose terms of office had expired.

☞ Alfred in the county of York is a quiet old town and a charming place in which to spend the summer months. The visitor is reminded at every turn, by the moss-covered stone walls and old-fashioned buildings, that the settlement of this town dates back of the present century. Alfred has long been the county seat of "Old York," the mother of counties, and this fact has given it a distinction which its local business would never have gained for it.

The Court House is a neat unpretentious building, flanked by brick wings which contain the county offices. For many years York county included all portions of Western Maine which now make the counties of Cumberland, Oxford, Androscoggin and Sagadahoc. The old York county records must have had excellent care, for though they are consulted almost daily, they are in a good state of preservation. Only the second and fifth volumes have been re-written, the other early volumes retaining their original appearance, being bound in parchment, and the records which were made more than two centuries ago, are as clear and legible as the day they were written. In the registry of deeds not only conveyances of land, but agreements, depositions and many other kinds of legal documents are recorded.

Some of them are roughly drawn and would hardly be sustained by the courts in these days. The records in this office commence about the year 1648. In the probate office the records have been equally well preserved and date nearly as far back as those in the registry of deeds. A few hours can be very pleasantly spent in perusing these old records. Aside from their historical and antiquarian value, they preserve the peculiar forms of expression and the orthography employed by our forefathers more than two hundred years ago. By their perusal we also obtain some knowledge of their business habits, as well as their social and domestic relations which can be gained from no other source.

The new jail is really a fine structure, and when the locks are suitably put on and the jail is put under proper management, it will be as safe as any building used for a similar purpose in the State. The carpenter with gushing simplicity put the locks on the inside instead of on the outside of the cells.

☞ Llewellyn F. Martin, son of Mrs. John Martin, residing on North street in this city, was drowned Sunday afternoon while bathing in Bond Brook, a short distance below Coomb's mill. He with two other boys had been berrying, and on their return they went into the brook to bathe. Young Martin was swimming towards the shore when, from some unknown cause, he sank. He rose and sank a second time, his companions being unable to assist him. Soon after Mr. Richard Norcross and Mr. James M. Sanborn came along, and the body was recovered after having been in the water about eight minutes, but their efforts and subsequently those of Drs. Brickett and Crooker were unavailing to resuscitate him. Llewellyn was an apprentice in the *Journal* office, and his bright intelligent face will be sadly missed by his associates in the office as well as by those who have recently received the Journal from his hands in his daily morning round. But saddest of all will the blow fall upon his stricken mother who has been suddenly bereft of one of the most intelligent, obedient and affectionate of sons.

☞ We print this week another letter with reference to the proposed Wiscasset railroad. We have now published four communications pertaining to this subject, two on each side, and we cannot give up our space for a further discussion of the question. We are always willing to open our columns for the candid discussion of any matter in which the general public has an interest, but we cannot see how the public good can be subserved by a continuance of this discussion, and we need our space for matters of more general interest.

☞ The perceptible shortening of the days reminds us that midsummer is upon us and before we are aware, another season of sunshine and flowers will have passed away. And this reminds us that during the season, though we have had frequent showers, we have had but one rain storm and that occurred last week.

☞ A child sixteen months old, belonging to H. Foss of Farmington, was on Tuesday run over by the cars. The child sat in the middle of the track and the whole of the train went over it. It was alive when picked up, and it is thought may recover. It was squeezed through four inches of space.

☞ A dispatch to the *Whig & Courier* from Bucksport states that Michael Buckley, a subcontractor on the Bucksport & Bangor railroad, absconded Monday night, with funds entrusted to him to pay the employees. A reward is offered by the contractors of the road for his apprehension and the recovery of the money.

☞ The Democratic State Convention is to be holden in Portland on the 12th of August.

Excursion of Maine Editors and Publishers. The annual summer reunion and excursion of the Association of Maine Editors and Publishers, which occured last week, was, we think, on the whole, one of the best planned and most enjoyable occasions of the kind in the history of the Association. The party, numbering some seventy-five persons in all, consisting of members and their ladies, and including a few invited guests of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts press, rendezvoused on Monday evening 14th inst., at the Bangor House, where they met a generous welcome from the gentlemanly proprietor, who has recently enlarged and greatly improved his house, making it now one of the most commodious and best arranged, as it has always been one of the best managed hotels in the State. Here the members of the party spent the evening in pleasant association and intercourse, in getting better acquainted with each other and in discussing the plans and anticipated pleasures of the excursion to New Brunswick.

On Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, the entire party, increased by other accessions, taking the train over the European & North American Railway for St. John, without special incident, save the very agreeable one of a good dinner at Vanceboro', at 6 P. M. reached the Victoria House, where they found comfortable and elegant quarters, and where they were met and welcomed by their brothers of the St. John press, who showed the excursionists many other polite attentions during their stay in the city. In the evening some of the party visited the theatre by invitation of Manager Lanergan, while others took the opportunity for a stroll through the streets in search of novelties in a strange city.

Wednesday morning was devoted to drives around the city, visiting the churches, markets, wharves, the Insane Hospital, on the opposite shore, and most remarkable of all the fine suspension bridge which spans the narrow gorge through which the river of St. John empties its waters into the Bay of Fundy. The circuit also embraced some very fine private residences in the higher portions of the town, surrounded by handsomely laid out and well kept grounds, and contrasting very pleasingly with the general aspect of dinginess and dilapidation elsewhere apparent. In the afternoon, the more serious duty of the day, devolving especially upon the ladies of the party, was undertaken, that of visiting the stores and cultivating the agreeable, but perhaps rather expensive acquaintance of the gentlemanly and persuasive shop-keepers of St. John. To do the ladies justice, the duty seemed to be very conscientiously and cheerfully performed.

In the evening a very pleasant reunion was held in the drawing-rooms of the Victoria Hotel, which was attended by the members of the St. John press generally, several dignitaries of the Dominion government, the Mayor of the city and leading citizens with their ladies. Several hours of very agreeable social intercourse were enjoyed. President Shaw of the Association presided with his usual grace and good taste, and brief speeches were made by gentlemen from both sides of the line in which all vied with each other in expressions of kindly feeling and complimentary allusion. It was very pleasant to hear gentlemen say so many good things of each other. Not the least enjoyable feature of the occasion, was the very fortunate presence of several musical and theatrical celebrities, who very kindly contributed to the entertainment of the evening, and whose performances elicited the warm and appreciative applause of the company, subsequently supplemented by an enthusiastic vote of thanks. One of the gentlemen who thus added to the general enjoyment, was Mr. W. H. Fessenden of Boston, the well known tenor of the Temple Quartette Club, who accompanied the excursion party as a guest of the Association. The company did not break up until a late hour being apparently reluctant to adjourn so agreeable an entertainment.

On Thursday morning at 9 o'clock the excursion party took leave of their St. John friends, and embarking on the steamer David Watson, commenced the ascent of the St. John river to Fredericton, the seat of government of the province of New Brunswick, about 90 miles distant. We cannot in this article attempt a description of this grand and beautiful river, and the delightful country through which it passes to the sea. The entire distance from Indian Town, where we took the steamer to Fredericton, is a continuous panorama of striking and charming pictures; the shore, now rising in bold and rugged masses, sheer and perpendicular, hundreds of feet from the water, now softening into green and fertile hills, which recede into the far distance, and now as we still further ascend, broadening on either hand into wide and fair intervale and meadow land, covered with rich, grassy verdure, or checkered with cultivated fields and growing crops; while here and there a white farm house, a church spire, groups of graceful elms, lend life and variety to the picture, until, as the day draws near its close, we see beyond us the beautiful city of Fredericton rising apparently from the river like an exhalation,

"As with the stroke of an enchanter's wand."

The company on board, most of whom had never before seen the St. John river, were enthusiastic in their delight, and most of the day, which was delightfully cool and pleasant, was spent on the forward deck in watching and admiring the continually changing scenery, as the steamer rapidly made her way up the river.

At 5 P. M. the boat reached Fredericton where we were met by Dr. Dow, a leading physician and public spirited citizen of the place, and by members of the press, who kindly directed and accompanied the party to places of entertainment. The two principal hotels, the Barker House, (kept by our old friend Robinson, a well remembered landlord of the Augusta House in former years) and the Queen's were found inadequate for the accommodation of all, and the doors of several citizens were hospitably thrown open to receive those who were unable to find lodgings elsewhere. In the evening by invitation the party visited the official residence of Gov. Wilmot, where they were informally received and shown by his Excellency over the extensive and elegant grounds and gardens connected with the Governmental mansion. Many of the ladies of the party carried away with them some very pleasing mementoes of their visit in the shape of elegant boquets of flowers gathered for them and politely presented by the Governor's own hand. Other portions of the city were visited during the evening and following morning, among them the English Cathedral, the Military Barracks, the Government Buildings and Printing Offices, &c., &c. During our brief stay in the city the party were the recipients of many polite attentions from our brethern of the press, the Mayor and other gentlemen, which are gratefully remembered.

On Friday morning the excursion party separated, one portion returning by steamer to St. John, with the intention of extending their editorial trip to Halifax, and the remainder, numbering something more than half the original party, taking the cars of the Fredericton Railroad to McAdam Junction on the European & North American Railway, and thence to Bangor—successfully running the gauntlet of custom house search and seizure at Vanceboro'—spending the night under the hospitable roof of mine host Shaw of the Bangor House, and the next day reaching home.

Thus endeth our necessarily brief and imperfect account of the tenth annual reunion and excursion of the Association. Many pleasant incidents of a personal and social character might be noticed, but we forbear, fearing further to excite the envy and regret of our unfortunate brothers who failed to join us; besides, are not these things all written in the book of remembrance which every member carries nearest his heart? It is enough to say that the excursion was a success throughout. The weather was exceptionally propitious, the plans of the committee of arrangements well matured and happily consummated, the party itself made up of the choicest and cheerfullest spirits of the craft, the dull and selfish ones wisely preferring to remain at home, nothing is short lacking to make it an occasion, the recurrence of which in future years will be looked foward to with interest and delight.

We append the following resolutions of acknowledgement, adopted at a meeting of the Association in Fredericton:

Maine Editors' and Publishers' Association. At a meeting of the above Association held at the Barker House, Fredericton, N. B., July 17, 1873, at the close of a very pleasant excursion to the cities of St. John and Fredericton, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are hereby heartily tendered to the Maine Central, European & North American, Boston & Maine, Eastern, Grand Trunk, New Brunswick & Canada, Inter-Colonial and Fredericton Railroad Companies, the International, Calais, and Small & Bathaway lines of steamers, also to the proprietors of the Bangor House, Victoria Hotel, St. John, N. B., Barker House and Queen's Hotel, Fredericton, N. B., and to J. V. Ellis, Esq., of the St. John *Globe*, and other members of the press and citizens of St. John, Dr. Dow, Hon. George E. Fenety, and other citizens and members of the press of Fredericton, N. B., for favors granted, the cordial reception given, and the unremitting attention shown to the members of this Association during their excursion to the Province of New Brunswick.

Resolved, That the enjoyment of the excursion has been greatly enhanced by the musical entertainment furnished at St. John, N. B, by Mrs. Mary Shaw Fogg of New York, Prof. Martens of St. John, Mr. W. H. Fessenden of the Temple Quartette of Boston, and Mr. McDonald of New York, for securing which the Association is indebted to Mr. George A. Jones of Portland.

Voted, That the several papers of the State be requested to publish the above resolutions and send copies of their reports of the excursion to the parties mentioned.

F. E. Shaw, President.
A. H. S. Davis, Secretary, Pro tem.

☞ A few years ago North Conway was an isolated spot, and could be reached only by a long and tedious ride in the old fashioned stage coach. Now it can be reached from Boston in six hours by way of the Eastern road and the Conway branch, and in little more than two hours from Portland by way of the Portland & Ogdensburg. North Conway is a delightful summer resort, situated at the out-posts of the white mountain range and within easy distance of the principal mountain houses. There are ample accommodations here for tourists, almost every second house being a hotel. The Kiarsarge is one of the largest and best appointed summer houses in New England. The cars on the Ogdensburg road now run to Bartlett six miles beyond North Conway, and into the very heart of the White hills. Twelve miles more are nearly ready for the rails.

The hotels at North Conway and all the public houses around the mountains are thronged with visitors who have fled from the threatened attacks of cholera in the large cities.

☞ The President of the Boston & Maine Railroad has served a precept on Hon. A. P. Morrill, President of the Maine, Central demanding that the corporation which he represents shall have the same facilities in the way of through tickets, freight and connections at Portland, that are now enjoyed by the P. S. & P. road and threatening that unless connections are made within a specified time, he shall proceed to make them himself.

In his reply to this precept, which is in the form of a letter, President Morrill, after briefly stating the points at issue closes as follows: "Your present bold demands and threats of violent occupation of our property, are evidently inspired by a desperate determination to break up our present favorable arrangements, and force us back to the former state of things, when your exactions were measured by the amount of revenue that could be collected of us, without absolutely stopping the locomotives that brought a vast business to your door. We hope successfully to resist any effort fraught with such manifest injustice and danger. Beyond that, we seek no controversy with the Boston & Maine railroad. Our position is, and will be, defensive, from which we shall not be moved by the threats of violent action or legal prosecution with which you have announced to the public through the press you are about to visit us."

National Home for Disabled Soldiers. The Board of Managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers held a meeting in Boston, Tuesday of last week. The four asylums in various parts of the country, in which over four thousand disabled soldiers are cared for, were reported to be in a flourishing condition. Dr. Wright of the eastern home was transferred to the southern, and Dr. S. M. Wilson was appointed as acting surgeon of the Togus Home. The chaplain of the Augusta Home is to be transferred to Milwaukee and the chaplain of the Milwaukee Home to Togus. The resignation of Surgeon Towle, (formerly of Haverhill) of the Dayton Home was accepted, and Dr. McDermott of Ohio was appointed in his place. The shoe manufactory at Augusta Home, while it has afforded employment to the inmates, has not paid expenses. The board ordered some changes, which it is thought will remedy the difficulty. As the present accommodations will prove insufficient for the demands of the coming winter, it was ordered to increase the accommodations at Dayton. The board adjourned, to hold its next meeting at the Central Home, in Dayton, Ohio, in September next.

☞ The friends of Mr. W. F. Hussey formerly clerk in the Augusta House, but who has recently leased and fitted up the Commercial House in Portland, will be pleased to know that he is meeting with excellent success. Several alterations have been made in the internal arrangements of the house which are real improvements. The rooms are of good size, clean and well ventilated; the *cuisine* is excellent and the table abounds with everything that a hungry man needs. We recommend this house to the favorable consideration of such as desire good accommodations and at a reasonable price.

☞ The question of the time and place for holding the State muster has been settled. General Chamberlain, commanding the Volunteer Militia of Maine, has issued an order appointing the annual encampment to take place Aug. 19, in Deering, near Portland limits. The site is near the Marine Hospital. The resignation of Lieut. Col. Charles Hamlin of Bangor, Inspector, is accepted, and Gen. J. Marshall Brown, Assistant Adjutant General, with rank of Major, has been promoted to Inspector, and detailed as Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

☞ Thomas C. Allen of South Lubec, recently picked up adrift a board a little more than a foot square, painted green, on which was inscribed the names of "T. Bradley, M.;" "T. Sullivan," with initials and abbreviations of two others. "S. M. Har'g" and "J. B. Er'b," wrecked in the "Sch Gipsey," on Cross Island, August 18, 1872. No one in that vicinity have ever known of such a vessel being lost on Cross Island, and if such had been the case, the vessel must have got clear again or drifted out to sea after she struck.

☞ A gentleman who had occasion to visit "Long Island," an island lying about three-quarters of a mile from the main land, and nearly opposite the town of Bremen, says that he visited a school on said island, where there were 40 scholars, all of whom were the grandchildren of Mr. Thomas Collamore and wife, who had lived there a large part of their lives. Mr. Collamore is now 73 years of age and is the most grandfather we ever heard of.

Patents. The following patents have been issued to Maine citizens: A. Pevey, Portland, process for preparing iron chips, etc., for re-melting; J. Garland, Biddeford, apparatus for moistening the atmosphere.

County Items. The wife of Dr. Robins, the newly elected President of Colby University, died in Rochester, New York, last Friday. She had been in feeble health for a long time.—Tiger engine company of Hallowell are to entertain the Warren hook and ladder company of Boston, August 20th. One per cent is the rate of taxation this year in Albion, while the adjoining town of China sweats under six and six tenths. The former paid her war debt, while the latter has carried hers, and now aims to extinguish it in one year.—Henry Percival was on Monday appointed Assistant Postal Clerk between Boston and Bangor, vice W. L. Palmer, retired.—A survey will be commenced this week for a new railroad bridge across the Kennebec, between Waterville and Kendalls Mills.—G. Taylor of Fayette, was badly injured by a bull, Wednesday.—S. Lamb of North Wayne, was thrown from a load of hay Thursday and so severely injured that he cannot recover.—Gardiner is to have a soldiers' monument.—China was settled in 1773 by a family of Clarks, and now they want a centennial.—The Class of 1853 of Waterville College will hold a reunion in this city next week, on the 20th anniversary of their graduation, and will dine at the Falmouth Hotel Thursday evening. Out of thirteen surviving members of the Class eleven will probably be present, representing nine different States from Maine to Minnesota.—The Journal says that a small barn in South Gardiner was destroyed by fire Tuesday afternoon. It was of but little value.—Saturday, Solomon Bessey an aged resident of Albion, attempted suicide by cutting his throat. He succeeded in inflicting an ugly gash four inches long.—China has a new hotel kept by Mr. J. F. Wyman.—During the shower Monday afternoon, the barn of Daniel Lothrop of North Wayne, was struck by lightning and entirely consumed, with several tons of hay. Insured for $200.—A new force-pump costing $1500 was tried Saturday at Smith & Meader's mill at Waterville.—A. R. Mitchell & Co., of Clinton, are to put up a pail factory 40x90 feet, two stories high.—Col. A. W. Wildes, engineer of Skowhegan, has condemned the railroad bridge at Waterville.—Gardiner has two $1000 law suits against her, on her hands. Both are for defective highways.—C. B. Johnson of Hallowell broke his arm Wednesday by falling down stairs.—Waterville with a twenty feet head has 4500 horse power, or 225,000 spindles. The new proprietors of the water power propose to erect a cotton mill of 20,000 spindles at a cost of $500,000. They also own four hundred acres of land.—A correspondent from Albion writes as follows: On Friday of last week Benson Higgins got off his mowing machine to lift it over a stone, when the horses suddenly started, catching his thumb and crushing it terribly. Drs. Strout and Wilson were called, amputated the damaged member and the man is doing well.

☞ It will be remembered that a few days since, we gave an account of the suicide at Cumberland Mills, of a young girl named Ella Bachelder, who quarrelled with her lover, Walter Howe, and soon after threw herself into the Presumpscot. We copy from the *Press* the finale of the sad affair. Since that melancholy event, it is said that Howe has been much depressed in spirits, and has indulged himself in the continual use of liquor. The circumstances attending the death of the girl, and the blame attached to him by many of his neighbors as being the cause of the suicide, undoubtedly preyed upon his mind, and unsettled it. Sunday evening, about six o'clock, the affair ended after the poetically just manner. Walter Howe, while standing in front of his boarding house, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot himself through the heart. Death, of course, soon followed. The two suicides, one following so closely upon the other, and the circumstances which connected them, have caused intense interest in the usually quiet village of Cumberland Mills.

☞ Mr. C. H. Merrill who was shot by Carlin in Portland last week is in a fair way of recovery. The opinion that Carlin was insane at the time of the shooting of Mr. Merrill, is gaining ground and is firmly held by the officers of the jail and by others who have had intercourse with the prisoner. James O'Donneil, Esq., will defend him, and desires all persons who have any knowledge of his derangement to communicate the facts before the September term of the Superior Court.

Last December Carlin left $300 with Mr. J. K. Merrill, for whom he once worked, and some three weeks since came to Portland and drew the money, since which his wife in Boston has not heard from him until a few days ago she wrote to a friend inquiring after him. Carlin is said to be quite intelligent, and there is no doubt but what some years ago he was a leading person in his business of painter and glazier, but he has been regarded as sensitive, morose and unforgiving in disposition, and from some cause not yet fully explained, he conceived the idea of enmity and fear of Mr. Merrill.

Lost in the Woods.—Last Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Hannah Warren of Denmark, eighty years old, went out about four o'clock to pick a hemlock broom. Not returning in the course of an hour her son with whom she was living, went in search of her. Not being able to find her, and night coming on, he aroused the neighborhood, which, with lanterns, searched the woods. Wednesday morning, as the news spread that the old lady was lost, people came in from other parts of the town and the search continued through all day Wednesday. Not even a trace of her could be found and various were the conjectures as to her disappearance. Word was sent to other places, and Thursday a large number gathered, determined, if possible to find her, though not expecting to see her alive. About four o'clock Thursday, Carlton Walker and George Booth discovered tracks near the Saco river, about one and one half miles from where she lived. Hastily following the tracks over ditches and through mud and water into a large swamp, they found the poor old lady *alive* but nearly famished. She had been *two* nights and one day in the woods, without any food, and it is wonderful that she was alive when found. Tears of joy flowed down her wrinkled face, as men gathered around and bore her in their strong arms back to her home. She said she had given up all hopes of seeing her friends again and would soon lay down and die.

☞ The night Express train on the Rock Island and Pacific railroad was attacked by robbers, Monday night, when about five miles west of Des Moines City, the engine thrown from the track, the engineer killed and Express car robbed of about $3000. The robbers who were masked fired a shower of bullets upon the train, but fortunately, though several persons were hit, no one was seriously injured. The robbers decamped on horseback as suddenly as they came, the whole affair occupying no more than ten minutes. They ripped open the mail bags, but took no letters. The sleeping car was filled with aristocratic Chinese on their way to New England colleges.

☞ The *North Star* says that among the many queer teams which visit Caribou village, the queerest seen is that driven by a portly French matron. It consists of an ox, wearing a harness, and hitched into a cumbrous French cart with two wheels, the shafts made of 4x4 joist, slightly tapered. On this cart were a number of bags of grain, on which the driver sat and guided her beast by means of reins fastened to a rude bridle. She had come some six miles to mill, and arrived before 8 o'clock in the morning.

☞ The *Press* says that Thomas Connelly, a laborer on the Boston & Maine extension, called at the house of a Mr. Watts in Portland, ostensibly to engage board. Mr. W. was gone and Connelly attempted to outrage Mrs. Watts, but her cries brought the neighbors, and Connelly was arrested.

For the Maine Farmer.

Wiscasset & Moosehead Lake R. R.

To a man whose hands are hard, from the vigorous use of the scythe and pitchfork, haying is a discouraging time to carry on a newspaper controversy. A rainy Saturday gives me opportunity to reply to the last article from Wiscasset. As I read it my heart swelled big with pride at the thought that I was a native of Whitefield. Whitefield with its extensive beds of limestone; Whitefield with its beautiful granulated quartz; Whitefield with its possible quarries of marble. My native town has suddenly become famous. Discovery after discovery is being made in town, by gentlemen who never saw it, which to this day remain profound secrets to the obtuse inhabitants of this favored land. Even those who are in favor of investing ten per cent. of the valuation of the town in the proposed road, are as much surprised by these astounding revelations, as the poor despised opposition. The facts are just these: There is a narrow vein of limestone in town, inclosed in a ledge so peculiarly hard that it is almost impossible to blast it; this with the large expense involved in draining it, and its limited size render it thoroughly valueless. There is not the smallest sign of marble in town, except what has been imported in the shape of gravestones and monuments to which the gentleman doubtless refers. I am sorry to refute the gentleman's statement, for as a citizen of this town, I have an honest pride in it, but the gentleman should remember the Scriptural declaration that, "the man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet," and that "a flattering mouth worketh ruin." The gentleman says that the road is to be a "municipal highway, the property of the several towns which build it." This is a statement of the case very different from that of Messrs. Ingalls & Lennox, who are deeply interested in this road and are well posted in R. R. matters. According to these gentlemen the towns were to take $515,000 in stock, capitalists $515,000 more which would furnish a firm basis to raise the remaining $1,500,000 more or less; this is the plan for raising funds to build the road as proposed by them, and according to this the several towns will own just about one-fifth of the value of the road; and can any one be so blinded by specious arguments as to think that with only this small fraction of its value that they can control the road? And even taking the statement for granted, that the upper part of the road is not to be built at once and only $1,200,000 would be required to build it to Hartland, the most northerly point to be reached, the towns are still in the minority and it is unnecessary to produce argument to show that the capitalists being in the majority, would rule the road, and that too, to their own advantage.

So much for this weighty part of the gentleman's argument! He says that "it is one of the richest, most industrious and thriftful populations in Maine, and in the energy and enterprise of its people, unsurpassed." Our thanks are due to the gentleman for his praise, but I am unwillingly constrained to say that it savors so strongly of flattery, that the ungrateful people of this "beautiful" region, think it is something very much like it. They say too, if we are so well off as this, "let's let well enough alone." Much more might be said on this high-toned article, but I prefer to look at the facts as they really are. Whitefield is a town with fair resources, a high valuation according to its wealth, and a thrifty, temperate population. Like most other farming communities, there are a few who lay up money; but the majority own their farms and stock, make a good honest living, and lay by little or nothing. Now these people do not feel it to be for their interest to risk so large a proportion of their property in a railroad. They are willing to give liberally according to their means. The opposition in this town is not an unreasonable opposition, on the contrary it numbers among its members, many of our most liberal, fair-minded and influential men.

Again, many of our citizens in the western part of the town are as near the Kennebec as they are to the proposed road, and is it not putting into practice the obnoxious saying that "might is right" to extort large sums of money from them, without their consent, to help their neighbors in the eastern part of the town? I appeal to the honest judgment of every man, whether it is right, that those citizens who can derive little or no profit from the road, should be driven to give equally with those who alone are to be benefitted by it. All classes are warned by the example of other towns, that they are morally sure of losing, and the common class of people do not feel able to lose $44,000 and the interest thereon. Let the call be for $20,000 and the town will respond with alacrity. This together with the amount of stock that one of our citizens has publicly announced that he will subscribe for and what many of our citizens have said privately that they are willing to take, will make a handsome beginning for a town like this. If everything goes satisfactorily there will be plenty of time to subscribe for the rest. We respect the gentlemanly conduct of the men who have urged us to take stock in this road, but with no disrespect to them, feel bound to say that we do not feel willing to trust too much to the honesty and fair dealing of railroad companies.

Cooper's Mills, Me.

City of Washington.—The decision of the court of inquiry in the City of Washington investigations exonerates the subordinate officers of that vessel, and reserves all its censure for Captain Phillips. It finds that officer guilty of inexcusable imprudence in ignoring the dead reckoning, which would have shown him that he was bearing too far to the northward; in neglecting to take soundings when he passed the Newfoundland Banks, after having been for six days without observation; in running the vessel at full speed after passing the Banks without even a cast of the lead; and in failing to inform himself as to the location and nature of the cargo which caused the deviation in the compass. Had the Captain taken any of these simple precautions, all of which the most ordinary considerations of safety ought to have suggested, the loss of the vessel would have been avoided.

☞ In Belmont Thursday Mr. Samuel Moody aged twenty-four years, committed suicide by taking a dose of red precipitate of lead, and cannot possibly recover. Moody was a young farmer, but has lately been at work in Medway, Mass., from which place he returned a few days since. He lately married a Miss Rollins of Northport, and his domestic concerns did not flow prosperously. His wife refused to live with him, and he told his mother some time before taking the poison that life had no more pleasure for him and he cared not how soon he left it.

☞ The *Press* relates a case of brutal treatment of a child in Portland. The child, eight years old, is under the control of an unfeeling father, and is subjected to the tyranny of a harsh step-mother. She has been seen to take it up and throw it into a corner of the room, a distance of six feet from where she stood. He has been known to hang the child up by the thumbs and leave it there for hours. The child is one mass of bruises, and its flesh is frightfully lacerated by the blows it has received.

☞ The amount of lime produced by the manufacturers of Knox county, who are represented in the Lime Association, (including all but Messrs. Ames & Crockett of Rockland, who have kilns) for the present year, up to the first week in July, have been 487,440 casks, of which quantity 391,573 casks have been made in Rockland, 74,540 casks in Camden, and 21,288 casks in Thomaston.

☞ The exercises of Commencement at Colby University, take place this week. We shall give an abstract of proceedings in our next.

Items of Maine News.

Belfast had purchased of Bath a fire engine.

Good lime is now burnt at Lyndon.

Building operations are brisk in Brighton.

The new spool factory at Foxcroft will cost, when completed, $50,000.

The telegraph wires are up between Dexter and Dover.

Ex-Governor Coburn has given the Skowhegan Band $30.

F. Jones of Dexter, died suddenly, Thursday, of cerebro spinal meningitis.

The distance from Houlton to Caribou is less than 54 miles.

Mrs. A. Carter of Paris fell Wednesday and broke her thigh.

A girl aged fourteen, named Brown was drowned at Red Beach Thursday.

The Waldoboro' Suspender Factory use alligator skins in their work.

Bangor has 75,000 postal cards on hand at her postoffice.

Work has commenced on the new high school building at Belfast.

The Belfast Age says that shipbuilding in that section is uncommonly lively.

Large numbers of Frenchmen are settling at Lewiston.

A boy named Babcock was drowned at Lewiston, Friday. The body was recovered.

A young man named Frank Prentiss, was drowned at Kennebunk on Friday.

John Doe of Waldoboro' had an ankle broken Tuesday, while using a mowing machine.

Cushman's Shoe factory at Auburn is completed. About 275,000 bricks have been put in.

C. A. Page has resigned the charge of Fryeburg Academy.

Chas. Fogg of Fairfield had his hand badly jammed Saturday.

The proprietor of the Ferry between Bangor and Brewer usually crosses one hundred and twenty times daily.

The store of S. P. Hayes & Co., of Bangor, was burglarized to the amount of $150 Saturday night.

The locks on the Alfred jail are being reconstructed by a well-known locksmith at Boston.

A gentleman in Biddeford has

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 23.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2965; Sheep and Lambs 8836; Swine 13,800; number of Western Cattle 2840. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 125; Eastern Cattle,

Prices of Beef Cattle, per 100 lbs. live weight. Extra quality $7 12½@7 25; first quality $6 62½@7; second quality $6 00@6 50; third quality $5 00@5 75; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 50@4 12½.

Brighton Hides — 9c per lb. Brighton Tallow 6c @6½c per lb.

Country Hides—8½c per lb. Country Tallow 5@5½c per lb.

Calf Skins—16@18c per lb. Sheep Skins 50c.

The supply for the week has not been quite so large as that of one week ago. Prices upon all grades remain unchanged, and the quality of beeves from the West not much different from that of last week. Some of the best lots were taken at a commission. But few Northern cattle in market. Buyers were in from nearly all the New England States.

Working Oxen—A light supply in market and not much call for them. We quote sales of 1 yr gth 7 ft, $190; 1 pr gth 6ft 6in, $235; 1 pr 6ft 8id, $180; 1 pr 6 ft 10 in, $170.

Milch Cows—Most of those offered in market are of a common grade, and many that are in a fair condition are bought up to slaughter. We quote the price of extra at $55@60; ordinary $35@50 per head.

Store Cattle—Nothing doing in this class of stock. Nearly all the cattle are sold for beef.

Sheep and Lambs—From the West there was a good supply. Western Lambs cost, delivered at Brighton 9a10c; Sheep 6a7c per lb, all owned by butchers. None offered in market for sale.

Fat Hogs—13,800 in market; prices 6c per lb, LW.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, July 23.

The market for domestic wool is very firm, and the sales have been at full prices. New fleeces are now coming forward quite freely, the receipts of the week comprising about 2,000,000 lbs, and there is a good assortment to select from. The sales of fleeces have been 825,000 lbs Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania at 45a53c per lb mostly good lines of Michigan and Ohio at 47a50c; California is in demand, and sales of 350,000 lbs Spring at 29a37c, as to quality; 85,000 lbs delaine and combing fleeces at 49a39c, mostly at 50 for delaine and 55 for combing, and unwashed combing at 42a42½; 450 lbs half California at 26c; 125,000 super and X pulled at 37a35c; 40,000 lbs unwashed fleeces at 30a36c; 35c0 lbs tub at 47a52½c, and 18,000 lbs scoured at 40a40c per lb. In foreign, sales of 72,000 lbs Australia and Port Philip, 42a55c; 50,000 lbs Cape pulled at 47a55c, and 25,000 lbs Mestiza pulled on private terms. By auction, 40 bales Australia damaged at 24a33 per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, July 23

Flour and Grain.—The demand for Flour continues quite limited and the market dull; we quote:

Western superfine at $4 50a5 55; common extras at $5 75a6 50; Milwaukee and Minnesota extras at $6 75a8 00; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $7 00a$9 50; Illinois at $7@10; and St. Louis at $8 00a11 per bbl., including choice family brands. Southern Flour is quiet at $9 25a$11 00 per barrel for common extras and choice family. Corn is firm with a stock reduced to a low point; the sales have been at 64@65c for mixed and yellow, and 61@62c per bu. for Western mixed. Oats are dull and have been selling at 43a55c per bush for brown and white. Rye 85a90 per bush. Shorts, Fine Feed and Middlings, $19 00a21 00 per ton.

Provisions—Pork is steady, sales at $13 75a14 25 for prime; $17 50 a 18 for mess; and $18 50a20 per bbl for clear. Beef ranges from $8 50a12 50 for meas and extra mess, and $15a16 per bbl for family. Lard sells at 9@c per lb for city and Western; and Smoked Hams 13a14c per lb. Butter sells at 20a26c per lb; and Cheese from 9a12½c per lb for common and prime.

Produce—White Beans continue in demand and firm. Sales of good mediums at $2 60@2 65, and extra pea at $2 25a3 50 per bush. Eggs are firm and have been selling at 25@26c per dozen for Northern and Eastern. Potatoes have been unsettled and prices have varied according to the supplies of new received from day to day. Old have ranged from $1 20a1 75 per bushel, and new from $5a9 per bbl.

Hay—The market is firm for prime Hay, with sales at $27@29 per ton.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, July 23.

Cotton.—Sales 450 bales—middling uplands $21.

Flour—Sales 12,780 bbls—State $5 25a7 30; Round Hoop Ohio, $6 25a8 50; Western, $5 10a8 40; Southern $6 40a10 75.

Wheat—Sales, 128,000 bushels—No. 3 spring 1 32a1 34 No 2 $1 45a1 46; Winter Red and Amber Western, $1 61a.

Corn—Sales 91,000 bushels—new, 54a56.

Oats—Sales 105,000 bush. — Western 46a51 ; New,

Pork—17 25, Prime $16 00.

Lard—8½; kettle, 9 1-16; steam, 9.

Sugar—Porto Rico, 7¼a8½; Muscovado, 7½.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, July 23.

Money easy early in the day at 3a4 per cent., and afterwards more active at 6a7 per cent., with bulk of business at 4, closing at 3a4.

Gold declined from 116½ to 116¼.

Government dull and steady.

United States Sixes (coupons) 1881, 119½; 5-20s, 1862, 117; 1864, 117½; 1865, 119½; 1865 (new) 117¾; 1867, 119; 1868, 118½; 10-40's (coupons), 115½; New 5's, 113¾

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, July 24.

Apples—Sliced dried apples, 8a10c.

Butter—In good supply, and generally of very good quality. The market ranges between 25a26c for good to choice lots.

Beans—$3 00a3 25 for choice hand picked Pea and Yellow Eyes.

Cranberries—Good quality from native vines, $3.50 per bushel.

Cheese—Choice Livermore and Factory made 17a19c; common country 15a16c.

Flour—Superfine to common extra, $8 50a9 00; good $9 00a10 00; choice Western $9 50a10 50; St. Louis favorite brands $13 00a15 00.

Grain.—Corn in lots 88c; retail 90c; barley 65a70c; *Hay*—We hear of no lots of new hay being offered yet. The abundant crop harvested hereabouts will cause it to start low in this market.

Hides and Skins—Hides 9c; calf skins 20c per lb.; deacons or milk skins 5@75c; sheep skins, $1 00a1 50

Lime—$1 35 per cask.

Meal—Corn meal at 85c per bush, at retail; less by the quantity; rye $1.00 per bush.

Produce—No old potatoes in market. We will probably have new ones of home growth offered during the coming week. Eggs 20a1c and rather more plenty than last week; lard (leerce rendered) 10a11c.

Shorts—$2.00 per 100 lbs.

Seeds—Nominal.

Provisions.—Beef by the side 5a11c; our provision dealers are not now cutting round hogs and we write draw our quotations; clear salt pork @21 per bbl; 9a1 18a20c; no mutton in market at this season; veal by the carcass 8a10c; hams (domestic) 14a15c; *Fancy Bag Hams*, 20c; turkeys 15a20c; spring lamb 14a15c.

Wood—Mill wood, delivered in the city $4 00.

Wool—40a45 for washed, medium to fine.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 23.

Apples—Baldwins $3 00a$4 00; Russets $3 00a5 00. Dried apples are dull at 5c@c for Western and 6@ 8½c for Eastern cored and sliced.

Beans—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $3 50a 3 45; yellow eyes at $3 25a3 50.

Butter—Is selling at 25a30 cents for extra. Store is selling from 15a18c.

Cheese—New Factory is selling at 13 to 13½. Vermont and New York Dairy is worth 12a13.

Fish—We quote Large shore, $5 25a5 50; large bank, $3 00a5 25; small, $3 00a3 50; pollock @2 50a3 50; hake, $2 25a2 50 per quintal; herring, $4 00a5 00 per box; scaled, per box, 18a23; mackerel, per bbl; Bay, No. 3 to No. 1, @10 50a20 19; Shore No. 1 and 2, $13@$18.50.

Flour — We quote Superfine, $5 50 a 6 00; Spring X and XX, $6 75 a 8 50; Michigan Winter X and XX, $8 00a9 50; Illinois X and XX $6 75a11 00; St. Louis X and XX, $8 00a11 50.

Grain—We quote mixed corn at 66a68c, and yellow 68a70c. Oats are worth 55a58c, fine feed at $28a30 per ton, and shorts at $26a28.

Hay—Loose, $18a$20 per ton for prime new and old. Pressed is selling at from $18 to $20. Baled straw is selling at $10a12 per ton for prime.

Lard—Prime Western, per tierce, 9¼a9½c per lb; per keg 9½c.

Lime—The market is firm at $1 45 pr cask for Rockland, Cement, $2 35a2 40.

Plaster—White per ton, $3 00; blue, $2 75; Ground in bbls, $8 00a9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75a3 00.

Produce — We quote beef side at 9 a 13c; veal 10 a 12c; mutton 10 a 12c; Chickens in lots, 23a25c; Turkeys, 18a20c; Eggs, 23a24c; Potatoes 1.00a1.10 per bush; Onions, none.

Provisions — We quote as follows :— Mess Beef, Chicago, $9 00 a 12 00; Extra Mess, 12 50 a14 50; Plate $15 50; Extra Plate, $17 00; Pork backs, $20 50a30 00; clear, 19 50a00 00; mess, 18a50; Hams, 12a15c.

Salt — We quote Turks Island per hogshead $2 50a3 00; Liverpool, duty paid, $3 00a3 50; Syracuse, none; Ground Butter, 25c per box.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 23.

Beans—Very scarce. Yellow Eyes worth $3 25a3 37 per bush. Hand picked Pea beans $3 40a3 50 per bush.

Butter—Best Vermont and New York, 26 cts. Northern dairies, 20a22 cts.

Eggs—Selling at 23a24 cts per dozen.

Hay—The best qualities of loose sell at $10 to $15 00 per ton. Pressed, $14a17

Grain—Oats are now worth 60a65c cents per bush. Corn, 68a75c.

Potatoes—Old are selling at $1.00a1 25 per bush.; New, $2 00a2 25.

Provisions—Round hogs, 8c; fresh beef, by the quarter, is worth 8 to 11 per lb.

Wool—The best quality of wool dull at 30a40c per lb, and lamb skins 65a70c; hides are worth 8c per lb, and veal skins 16a18c.

☞ Saturday morning fire broke out in a shed belonging to George Skillings at Brewer It accomplished the following damage before it was extinguished. Samuel Dyer, store and dwelling, loss $300; insured for $2000 in the Bangor. Samuel Dyer, house occupied by Skillin, loss $600; insured $200. F. G. Arey & Co., store house, total loss $500; insured for $300 in the Union of Bangor. Same firm lost on store $400 to $500; insured $1200 in the Union. F. Batcheider, stable total loss; insured $100.

☞ The Denison Paper Manufacturing Company at Mechanic Falls, have six mills, five of which are in Poland. These mills give employment to 200 hands, 75 of which are women. The mills are run 13 hours, one gang going on at noon and the other at midnight. Pay roll is $7000 per month. They grind up 125 tons of rags and turn out 150 tons of paper per month.

☞ At a stated meeting of Whitney Lodge No. 167, F. A. M., held at Canton, Me., July 10th, the following officers were initiated for the ensuing year by R. W. Francis, T. Faulkner, D. D. G. M. 15th Masonic District: H. A. Ellis, Master; J. W. Thompson, S. W.; Jas. Ripley, Treas.; I. A. Ells, Sec.; A. Packard, S. D.; A. F. Cox, J. D.; J. S. Mendall, S. S.; W. R. French, J. S.; F. Russell, Tyler; S. W. Perkins, Chap.

☞ A disastrous fire in Bath Monday evening destroyed the extensive iron foundry of Gen. T. W. Hyde and several other stores and shops. Gen. Hyde's loss is $15,000 on which there was an insurance of $5000. It is understood that he will at once rebuild. The fire caught in the large wooden building in the rear of Howland & Hayden's, and in less than three minutes after it was discovered the building was completely enveloped in flames.

THE ADVANCE IN COAL. The great coal monopoly is playing its hand just at present very boldly, and, in spite of diminished demand and superabundant supply, the prices tend steadily upward. Unless there is a break in the plans somewhere, the monthly advance in the prices of coal at wholesale will continue at the rate of from ten to twenty-five cents a ton until November. This gives an advance at retail of from thirty to sixty cents a ton. Concerning the advance in coal, and its causes, the *Commercial Advertiser* says:

The attempts to produce a "strike" among the miners, of which the whispers come to us daily from the Schuylkill and Lackawanna regions, is the old story of the monopolists to effect their object in making and maintaining an advance, and to shift the responsibility for the increased price upon the working men of the regions from which the coal is produced.

The "combination" by which, at the opening of the shipping season the large companies put their heads together and agreed to crush out the middlemen in the trade and put up the prices to suit themselves, and make the coal consumers pay, for it, was a bold movement, but one which was upheld by the millions of capital and the thousands of acres of coal land which the companies possess."

☞ At the College Regatta which took place at Springfield last week, both the Freshman and University races were won by Yale. The race was contested by thirteen crews, and Bowdoin came in No. 7. The time of the several crews in the University race was as follows:

Yale 16.59: Wesleyan 17.01; Harvard 17.11: Dartmouth 17.27½; Amherst 17.32; Columbia 17.53½; Bowdoin 18.07½; Massachusetts Agricultural 18.19½; Cornell 18.24; Trinity 18.42; Williams 19.25¼.

John G. Babcock, the umpire, has published a statement in which he says: "The score, or finishing line, instead of being located at right angles with the river bank, as it should have been, was, by the carelessness or stupidity on the part of those who located it, placed diagonally, the eastern end of the line being some one hundred and fifty yards lower down the river than the westerly end, where the judges were requested by the umpire to station themselves. A diagram showing this blunder on the part of the committee locating the finish will explain the fact that certain boats were actual winners that are now obliged to have second places assigned them."

☞ The Postmaster General expects that three months will be necessary fully to discover the fruits of the abolition of the franking privilege. He is confident that the postal revenues will be so increased as to make the Post Office Department self-sustaining. He is of the opinion that the stamp appropriations will be exhausted long before the expiration of the fiscal year, and in some cases before Congress meets. The order directing the free transmission of the supplies of the Post Office Department, at which the other departments so much complain, was made in accordance with the instructions of the House Committee on Appropriations. It was the understanding at the time the law passed that those supplies should go free.

☞ At least two of the late horrible murders are traceable to the influence of flashy literature. The murdered Walworth was a writer of exciting novels and living in an impossible atmosphere, he was doubtless insane. The letters to his wife which were produced in court, were like chapters from his own writings.

The parents of Kate Stoddard who are respectable people residing in the venerable town of Plymouth in Massachusetts, ascribe her misfortunes to the fact that she always indulged in reading novels and cheap literature, of which she was passionately fond.

☞ The studies of the Hon. Caleb Cushing of Washington, have recently been disturbed by the ceaseless barking of a cur owned by Hon. Fernando Wood, of Washington, whose house is situated near that of the great lawyer. Thereupon Mr. Cushing brought a suit in the Police Court against the keeper of the cur, who was required to give bonds in $25 that it should be removed or killed. It has taken one of the most distinguished members of the legal profession in the country to establish the fact that people have rights that owners of howling dogs are bound to respect.

FATAL ACCIDENT. A terrible accident took place near the Maine Central depot in Portland Saturday afternoon. As an engine was backing down into the depot, Thomas Blake, the foreman of the Forest City Sugar Refinery cooper shop, attempted to cross the track in the rear of the locomotive, but stumbled and fell and was instantly run over. His mangled body, with the head crushed to a jelly, was pulled from the driving wheel as soon as the engine was stopped. Coroner Gould was summoned and viewed the remains, and rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

☞ At present forty-eight Senators have drawn their back pay and kept it. The list of those who have drawn theirs and returned it remains steady to fifteen, leaving ten who as yet have not drawn their money. Notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, the positive statement is made at the capitol that no one of the ten has sent it any notification that he does not intend to draw his money. All except those who are abroad, Messrs. Edmunds and Schurz, have drawn four month's ($2500) advance pay under the new law.

☞ Prof. Agassiz's school on Penekess Island is getting on famously, and the students are highly delighted with the course of instruction as well as the location of the institution. As an example of the method of teaching it is mentioned that the meal hour is devoted to social enjoyment and instruction; as well as the more practical business of eating. The fish brought on the table has his name inscribed on the black-board before going any further, and, after the meal, is taken for the subject of discussion.

☞ A. K. Moulton, who some twenty-five years ago was settled over the Casco street Free Baptist society in Portland, met with a shocking death on the 19th ult., at Linndale, Ohio. He had been settled in Cleaveland about three years. On the day mentioned his society had a strawberry festival at Linnwood, near Cleaveland. On his way home, in company with his wife and son, he fell from a bridge on the Lake Shore railway. His fall was from the fearful height of fifty feet, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

☞ The *Press* says that Deputy Sheriff Mitchell of Yarmouth, brought to the Cumberland county jail Monday, Isaac Gooch, charged with committing incest with his young daughter. Gooch is a man about forty years old, rude, brutal and ignorant as a southern clay-eater. For weeks past he has been cohabiting with his daughter, forcing her to comply with his wishes. At last she rebelled and made a complaint against him, which resulted in his arrest. She is only thirteen years old.

☞ The Belfast *Age* says that shipbuilding has never been so lively in that city as this season. Vessels of all kinds are making money, and almost everybody who has spare funds is investing in vessel property. The demand for new vessels is increasing, and several of our shipbuilders have contracts for a year ahead. The probability is that the business will be overdone, as it usually is in seasons of prosperity.

☞ The Canadian authorities suggest the co-operation of the two governments in the improvement of the St. Croix river between Maine and New Brunswick, to obtain the best results from the appropriations by the Dominion Parliament and the American Congress. To this the government will accede, says a Washington correspondent.

☞ A Washington correspondent states that the official reports of the Post Office Department show that for ninety-two days immediately preceding the abolition of the franking pqivilege, the average weight of extra public documents was 67,000 pounds daily. It required forty cars to move this extra mail. For this the railroads receive no additional compensation.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

Lord Westbury, formerly Lord Chancellor of England, died Sunday, aged 73.

Queen Victoria has given her consent to the marriage of Prince Alfred with the Grand Duchess Maria Alexandrin.

Mr. Ryslands, in the House of Commons, Friday night, gave notice that when the civil service estimates came up for consideration, he should move to throw out the appropriations for building a house for the British legation at Washington.

France.

Henry Rochefort will be sent to New Caledonia on the 31st inst.

In the Assembly Monday afternoon Jules Favre attacked the home policy of the government. He wanted to know why the government, which punished with severity the insulters of the Assembly, permitted the journals to insult ex-President Thiers with impunity. He also exposed and denounced the alliance between the Monarchists and the Bonapartists. After a scene of great disorder a vote of confidence in the government was adopted by 406 yeas to 270 nays. This large majority on the eve of the recess is regarded as significant and is contrasted with the vote by which the present government was called into being on the 24th of May, when President Thiers was defeated by only 14 majority.

Spain.

A Republican volunteer has shut himself up in the powder magazine at Estella, and threatens to blow it up rather than surrender to the Carlists.

Don Carlos, with 10,000 men, is marching on the city of Bilboa. He has ordered his agents to purchase torpedoes with which to close the port when captured.

The Spanish provinces of Andalusia, Murcia, Valencia, and Catatonia, have proclaimed themselves independent cantons in anticipation of the adoption of the new federal constitution. Declarations of Independence were issued at Seville, Cadix and Barcelona.

The Cure of Santa Cruz having escaped to France, the Spanish government, through its Charge d' Affairs at Paris, made application for his extradition as a common criminal. President McMahon, has refused the demand on the ground that the case does not come under the provisions of the extradition treaty.

The Carlist force which has just captured Igualada, is under Don Alphonso, and comprises 4500 infantry, 200 cavalry and three pieces of artillery. The Mayor of Albocacer in Valencia, Spain, was assassinated during a local disturbance growing out of the Rente elections.

Russia.

A St. Petersburg letter says that 450 German residents of Russia have left in a body for the United States, because the Government has declared them liable to enforced military service.

The Khan of Khiva has signed a convention to pay 2,000,000 rubles indemnity within ten years, in virtue of which he is confirmed on the throne.

Austria.

A Vienna special states that Horam Garrettson of Cleveland, Ohio, was appointed Chief American Commissioner, in place of Jackson Schultz, resigned.

Egypt.

The American Oriental topographical corps has sailed from Alexandria to the United States.

The Dominion.

A fire Saturday broke out in Larivierre's planing mill in St. Antoine street. Owing to the scarcity of water the fireman were unable to arrest the flames. Two hours later the entire block bounded by St, Antoine, Bonaventure, Margaret and Inspectore streets, was one mass of flames. The fire continued to spread until about twenty buildings were destroyed, among which were Larivierre's carriage factory and planing mill and Fitz's bakery. Eighteen families are rendered homeless. Total loss $150,000. Larvierre's loss is $80,000, on which there is no insurance. Fitz's bakery is partially insured. The dwellings destroyed are insured probably for their full value.

Norway.

The coronation of Oscar and Sophia as King and Queen of Norway, took place, Friday, at Doontheim, the ancient capital of Norwegian Kings.

DON CARLOS ENTERS SPAIN. The following comes from Zugarramurdy, Spain: At ten o'clock Wednesday morning Don Carlos entered Spain amidst indescribable enthusiasm. Starting from Paris and Bayonne he reached Usteritz at five o'clock in the morning, on horseback, accompanied by two French Legitimists and one Carlist officer, and left immediately for the Spanish frontier, all dressed in citizens clothes and carrying foreign passports, but not a single gendarme was encountered.

A halt was made at a small inn on the Spanish side of the line, near the foot of the Pena Plat. The Marquis of Valdaspines and General Lizzarga were waiting with staff and escort. All kissed the hands of the King. From this point the party proceeded to Zugarramurdy, where several thousand Carlists troops were encamped. A *Te Deum* was chanted in the church. After the religious ceremony, nearly every soldier kissed the King's hand.

All Republican prisoners were released, the cannons of the fort were fired, and the day given up to universal hilarity.

There are four thousand troops here, but the main force is under Elio, on the coast of Biscay, to cover the landing of cargoes of arms and ammunition from English ships. A proclamation just issued says he will "now fight them.

☞ Correspondence is published covering the recent action of the American Consul, American commander of the gunboat Kansas and the Spanish commander Antran of the Spanish gunboat Bazin, in regard to the sailing of the steamer Virginius from Aspinwall under the escort of the gunboat Kansas. Commander Antran claimed that the Virginius, by landing arms and ammunition on the island of Cuba for the insurgents, had laid that vessel liable to capture by the Spanish authorities at any time after the commission of such alleged violation of international laws, but Commander Reed of the Kansas held that the running of a blockonly laid the vessel liable to capture while in the act, and that the penalty of such act could not follow escape. American Consul Thurington, at Aspinwall, in response to a query from Commander Reed, said the Virginius had a right to fly the American flag, quoting as a precedent the action of Minister Huriburt in April, 1881, when the latter requested the Kansas to then escort the Virginius from the harbor of Aspinwall.

On the 29th of June Captain Ronckendorff of the Canandaigua, which had just arrived, ordered the Kansas to escort the Virginius from the harbor, which was done, the Bazan making no demonstration, but Commander Austran denounced the Virginius as a pirate, and has officially informed his government of the affair. The action of the American fleet is endorsed by Secretary Robeson.

"THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY." A Washington despatch says that owing to the rapid growth of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, the headquarters of the National Grange will soon be removed from Georgetown to Washington, where the Secretary's office will hereafter be located. Since the 6th inst, about 350 surbordinate Granges have been organized, making the total nnmber of Granges in operation to date over 4,700, with an aggregate membership of about 350,000. The Order seems to be growing most rapidly to the State of Ohio, which now has 175 Granges, and in Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska and Wisconsin. In response to the requests from different States several additional General Deputies have recently been sent out by the National Grange to organize surbordinate Granges. There are at present State Granges in Arkansas, California, Georgia, Illinois, Indianus, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, Ohio, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont and Wisconsin.

THE CUBAN WAR. General Quesada, brother-in-law of President Cespedes, and appointed confidential agent of the Cuban Republic, arrived in New York Friday, bringing despatches to the Columbia Minister at Washington concerning Cuban independence. He states that 1500 troops have been promised from Mexico, that Peru will probably soon render assistance, and arrangements are being made for holding at Washington a conference of representatives from all South American Republics to promote Cuban Independence.

☞ Commodore Vanderbilt has watered the Stock of the Hudson River and New York Central R. R., $52,500,000. This sum is entirely fictitious and does not increase the ability of the Railroad a single penny. It is unmitigated plunder on the public. The tariffs of the railroads thus burdened, are simply increased sufficiently to pay eight per cent on this fictitious capital. The total amount annually taken from the people's pockets by this colossal swindle is $4,226,197.

☞ BRIGHAM'S BEREAVEMENT. A Salt Lake dispatch says Ann Eliza Webb Young, the seventeenth wife of Brigham Young, has forever left him, carrying off her furniture and personal effects. Brigham will endeavor to replevin. Mr. Young is at the Walker House, and three leading lawyers are about to institute a suit for a divorce and alimony in a large sum. Great revelations are expected concerning the domestic life of the Prophet.

☞ A Minnesota paper says: In little more than twenty-four months of working time, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has accomplished the following results:

1. It has built and opened to business more than 500 miles of its line of Road, besides an additional section of 100 miles put under contract and now being constructed.

2. It has completed the entire Eastern Division of its Road, uniting the commerce of the Lakes with the navigation of the Upper Missouri, and has formed favorable connections with lines of steamers eastward from Duluth to Buffalo, Erie and Cleveland, and westward from Bismarck (where the Road strikes the Missouri,) to Fort Benton in Western Montana thus opening a new and direct east and west route of travel and transportation 2500 miles in length, by lake, rail, and river, between the Atlantic States and the new Northwest.

3. It has secured—by reason of the shortness and directness of its line—the trade of the Northwest, including the transportation of Army and Indian supplies.

4. It has earned title to nearly ten million acres of lands granted by the Government to aid in the construction of the Road, and these consist mainly of good prairie, farm and grazing lands in Central Minnesota and Dakota, and valuable timber lands about Puget Sound.

5. It has fully organized its Land and Emigration Department, and successfully begun the work of selling and settling its land grant. It has realized from lands thus far sold an average price of nearly six dollars per acre, and from the proceeds has already begun the purchase and cancellation of its 7-30 first mortgage bonds.

6. It has opened to the landless citizens of this and other countries, and to the markets of the world, 200,000 square miles of the grain belt of the continent, from which the bulk of the wheat export of the United States, must, ere long, be drawn.

The work of construction is progressing satisfactorily, mainly in Washington Territory, where the connection is being completed between Puget Sound and the Columbia River. The Company's engineers, escorted by United States troops, are now making a final location of the line of the road from the crossing of the Missouri to the crossing of the Yellowstone, and up the valley of the latter to the mountains—this being the only portion of the route not yet determined.

CONSUMPTION OF OPIUM. We presume that few people are aware to what extent the use of opium prevails in this country, and even in our own State. Some idea may be formed from the fact that in 1840, 24,000 pounds were imported, while last year the imports amounted to 246,000 younds. Of the immense amount imported and consumed, only from twenty-five to thirty per cent. is used as a medicine. The balance, amounting to seventy-five per cent., is either eaten or smoked by persons who have become slaves to the terrible habit.

The various causes assigned for the consumption of opium as a luxury are: 1. The opiate treatment of nervous diseases. 2. Injudicious and unnecessary prescription by medical men. 3. Depressed condition of the nervous system. 4. Simple desire for stimulation. 5. Nursery medication by soothing syrups. Only those who have felt the intoxicating and dreamy effects of this refined drunkenness can fully realize what a hold it has upon the human mind. Once a victim to opium, and it requires the will of a thousand men in one to resist its fascination. De Quincy, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," shows how he, a man of the highest intellectual power, became a victim, and how he cured himself. But few have the will of De Quincy. Drunkenness can be cured. The very coarseness and degredation consequent upon a debauch have a tendency to disgust a man with strong drink, but opium is a refined and subtle stimulant. It lulls to sleep; it brings delicious forgetfulness; it leaves no apparently horrible trace behind it; but what does it leave? Ask that hollow cheek and sunken eye; ask that mood so fitful and so wandering—those brilliant spirits and those hours of horrible depression. Ask that soul if it knows whither it is tending, and it will answer with a mocking laugh. Ask the keepers of our lunatic asylums; and, last of all, read its awful surse, written in silent but certain words upon the unknown grave of the suicide.

Special Notices.

What Time has Taught Us.

It has taken two thousand years to teach the world that to sustain the body in its conflict with disease, not to help disease by weakening the true end of medicine. We have the lesson by heart at last, however. We know, for example, that tearing doses of aloes, salts, jalap, croton oil, calomel, colcynth, &c., are the best allies that a debilitating malady can have in its assaults on the human frame; and that a medicine like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which strengthens all the bodily powers and rallies the sinking constitution, is the most powerful antagonist of the mortific principle, whatever it may be, that assails the human frame and undermines life. This knowledge has been a long time in reaching us, but it is invaluable. We can now control and cure dyspesia, bilious disturbances, constipation, rheumatism, nervousness and many other painful complaints once considered incurable, with this admirable corrective.

CLAVERACK, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—Dear Sir:—I am sixty years of age, and have been afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form for a great many years, until, accidentally, I saw one of your books, which described my case exactly. I bought your Golden Medical Discovery and took two bottles and a half, and was entirely cured. From my shoulders to my hands I was entirely covered with eruptions, also on face and body. I was likewise afflicted with Rheumatism, so that I walked with great difficulty, and that is entirely cured. May God spare you a long life, to remain a blessing to mankind. With untold gratitude, 6s9 MRS. A. W. WILLIAMS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

And TAN, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is Reliable and Harmless. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Depot 49 Bond St., New York. 8m17

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,

Blackheads and Flesh worms, use PERRY'S Improved Comedome and Pimple Remedy, the great skin medicine. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. 8m17

Diamond Spectacles are the best in the world. For sale in Augusta by E. ROWSE, only. Do not buy a pair unless you see the trade mark ◆ 3m33

☞ Simple, cheap, durable, effective, are the adjectives which belong by right to the Blanchard Churn. It combines more good qualities than any other now made.

Married.

In this city, 19th inst., by Rev. C. F. Penney, B. Frank Yeaton to Ellen M. Casewell, both of Augusta.

In this city, 20th inst., by Rev. C. F. Penney, Wm. E. Thompson of Chicopee, Mass., to Olive M. Mitchell of Lewiston.

In Hallowell, 22d inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Samuel Upjohn, Samuel B. Glazier to Helen O. Watts.

In Waterville, 16th inst., Joseph Paul to Emma R. Chase, both of Waterville.

In Brewer, 17th inst., Capt. Frederick H. Ray of Surry, to Mrs. Lizzie E. Follansbee of Brewer.

In Glenburn, 13th inst., Fred Reed to Emma Tibbetts, both of Bradley.

In Bath, 14th inst, Hiram L. McQuarrie to Martha E. Savage, both of Bath.

Died.

In Dexter, 16th inst., Mrs. Betsey Stockbridge, aged 94 years 9 months.

In Molunkus, 12th inst, Daniel Libby, formerly of Orono, aged 65 years.

At Jackson Brook, 17th inst., Thomas Scribner, aged 78 years.

In San Rafael, Cal., 3d inst, Richard K. Rice, Esq. formerly of Maine, and only brother of Hon. John H. Rice of Bangor, aged 76 years.

In Livermore Falls, 13th inst, Addie, daughter of Alonzo and Sarah J. Wing, aged 15 years.

In Strong, 12th inst, Mrs. Nancy E. Delano, aged 85 years.

In Brunswick, 10th inst. Foster Bradley, aged 85 years.

In Havana, Cuba, 10th ult., of yellow fever, Capt. Samuel W. Stacy of Bath, aged 30 years.

In Portland, 18th inst, Joel Allen, aged 74 years.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will on occasion stop the death of the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, clogging the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now drooping with dull pain in the side, the back, sometimes costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulder-blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy, the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium, nor anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, and the patient is of a bilious habit, Schenck's Mandrake Pils are required.

These medicines are prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Penn., and for sale by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover St., Boston, and John F. Henry, 8 College place, New York, Wholesale Agents.

For sale by Druggists generally. 1f39

Ayrshires for Sale.

Six Pure Bred Heifers, from two (2) to fourteen (14) months old. All "44. B." animals, from Sweepstakes and First Prize Stock. Prices from $30 to $50. May be at the next State Fair if not sold.

3t34 N. DANE, Jr., Kennebunk, Me.

Found.

ON the road leading from Wayne to Winthrop, about the last of June, a black and white plaid shawl, which the owner can have by calling on M. CAMPBELL, North Turner, and paying for this advertisement. 3t34

"Truth is Mighty, and will Prevail."

VEGETINE

PURIFIES THE BLOOD AND RESTORES THE HEALTH.

SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

EAST MARSHFIELD, Aug. 22, 1870.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I am seventy-one years of age; have suffered many years with Kidney Complaint, weakness in my back and stomach. I was induced by friends to try your VEGETINE, and I think it the best medicine for weakness of the Kidneys I ever used. I have tried many remedies for this complaint, and never found so much relief as from the VEGETINE. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Many of my acquaintances have taken it, and I believe it to be good for all the complaints for which it is recommended.

Yours truly,
JOSIAH H. SHERMAN.

EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass., March 19, 1869.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" (VEGETINE) in my family for several years, and think that for Scrofula or Cankerous Humors, or Rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and Spring medicine, it is the best thing I have ever used; and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any in need of such a medicine.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DINSMORE,
19 Russell Street.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

BOSTON, Feb. 18, 1871.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article and, after using several bottles, was restored to health, and continue to use it. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health.

Respectfully yours,
U. L. PETTINGILL.
Firm of S. M. Pettingill & Co., 10 State St., Boston.

VEGETINE extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing with its foundation, correcting diseased action and restoring vital powers, creating healthy secretions and purification of the blood; driving out disease and leaving Nature to perform its allotted task. Vegetine is sold by all druggists. 4f31

600 Acres. | 4 Catalogues 20 cts. | 13 Greenhouses. (1) Descriptive; (2) Wholesale; (3) Bulb; (4) Fruit and Flower Plates. Immense stock and low prices. 4t34 F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington Nursery, Ill.

For Sale.

Several Thoroughbred

Poetry.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
Of death with her in seen,
And on her simple casket lies
No wreath of bloom and green.

O not for her the florist's art,
The mocking weeds of woe.
But blessings of the voiceless heart,
The love that paseth show!

Yet all about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

Here organ swell and church-bell toll
Methinks but discord were,
The prayerful silence of the soul
Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
Alike of earth and sky;—
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
Breathe but a half-heard sigh!

Sing or fly, spring-bird for her sake,
And thou not distant sea,
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,
And thou wert Galilee!

For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
The plain-robed mourners pass,
With slow feet treading reverently
The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
Where, like the friends of Paul,
That you no more her face shall see
In sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fall of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven!
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven!

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or knelt in grateful praise!
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred love in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by.

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And beautiful gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of recitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness,
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble, human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out;
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

Our Story Teller.

TOM'S WIFE.

We had just finished breakfast. Tom laid down an egg spoon he had been playing with, and looked across at mother.

"Aunt Anne, I think I'll take a wife," he said, exactly as he might have said, "I think I'll take another cup of coffee."

"Take a wife!" repeated mother, by no means receiving the information as tranquilly as it had been given. "What for?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Tom, thoughtfully, "It's a notion I've got in my head, somehow."

"All nonsense!" said mother, sharply.

"Do you think so?" said Tom, apparently doubtful, but not in the least put out.

"Think so? I know it. What in the world can you want of a wife? After all these years we have lived so comfortably together, to bring home somebody to turn the house upside down! And, then, what's to become of that poor child?"

"The poor child"—that was I—reddening at being brought into the argument in this way, was about to speak for herself when Tom interposed warmly:

"I'm sure May knows I would never have any wife who would make it less a home for her—don't you May?"

"Of course," I said.

"And I'm sure she knows nothing of the sort," persisted mother, "nor you either, Tom Dean. How can you answer for what a wife may take into her head to do, once you get her fixed here? You can't expect her to forget, as you do, that May has a real claim on you."

"That I have no real claim on her, I suppose you mean, ma'am," Tom put in for the second time, just as I was getting thoroughly uncomfortable. "But, for all that, I intend to keep her—that is," added Tom, with one of his short-sighted blinks sideways at me, "as long as she'll stay with me, eh, May? And whoever has anything to say against that arrangement will have to go out of my house to say it—not that I am afraid of any such result in this case—and on the whole, Aunt Anne, I should like to try the experiment."

Mother smiled grimly, but Tom was so evidently bent on his "experiment," as he called it, that she gave up the argument.

"You can dance, if you're ready to pay the piper," she said, shortly. "And, pray how soon do you mean to be married?"

Tom's face fell a little at this question.

"Well," said he, "I can't say exactly. I suppose we shall have to be engaged first."

"What!" said mother, opening her eyes; "Why, you never mean to say, Tom, you haven't spoken to her yet?"

"Not yet," answered Tom, cheerfully. "Time enough for that, you know, after I had spoken to you."

Mother, as a minister's widow, was not much given to the idle myth that is as the crackling of thorns under a pot, but now she leaned back and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

"Well," she said, "if it was anybody else I should say he was cracked; but you never was like other people and you never will be, Tom Dean. But at last, you have fixed on the lady?"

"Oh, yes," answered Tom; "but, if you will excuse me, Aunt Anne, I would rather not say anything about her just yet; for, if—if anything should happen, it wouldn't be pleasant for either party, you know." With which veiled allusion to his possible rejection, Tom took his hat, and left the room.

Our household was rather queerly put together. There was no particular reason why I should have been of it at all; for I was not really related to Tom, nor even to "mother," as I called her, though I am sure we were as dear to each other as any mother or daughter could be. She was the second wife of my father, who, like most ministers, had been richer in grace than in goods, and had left us at his death with very little to live on. Then it was that Tom Dean came forward, and insisted on giving a home to his aunt and to me, whom he had scarcely seen a dozen times in his life before. That was exactly like Tom—"queer Tom Dean," as his friends were fond of saying "who never did anything like anybody else." I suppose, in spite of his clear head for business, there is no denying that he was whimsical; but I am sure, when I think of his unfailing generosity and delicacy, I can't help wishing there were a few more such whimsical people in the world. Naturally, at the time I am speaking of, my opinion had not been asked; all I had to do was to go where mother went, and, while she gave her energies to the housekeeping, I gave mine to growing up, which by this time I had pretty well accomplished. But perhaps for that very reason—for one sees with different eyes at twelve and eighteen—my position in the house had already begun to seem unsatisfactory to me; and the morning's words had put it in a clearer light, since it had been used as an argument against Tom's marrying. I knew that mother had spoken honestly, believing that such a step would not be for his happiness; but I was not the best judge of that?" I knew him if reflection should bring him round to my opinion, to be perfectly capable of quietly sacrificing his own wishes for my sake, who had not the shadow of a claim on him; so it must be my part to prevent his own kindness being turned against him now. Still it was not so easy to see how I was to provide for myself, in case it should become advisable. What could I do? Draw, sing, and play tolerably, but in a manner not to compete with the hosts that would be in the field against me. Literature? I had read so many stories whose heroines, with a dash of the pen, dashed into wealth and fame. That would be very nice, only—I was not the least bit literary; I had never even kept a journal, which is saying a great deal for a girl in her teens. The fine arts, then, being out of the question for me, what remained? There was some clerkship, or a place in some family, and—and there was Will Broomly!

That many-sworn like going away from the point, but it was not. I was matter of fact, but I could see most though what was going on right in my eyes, and I had a pretty clear idea of what was bringing Will to the house as often as he had taken to coming lately. There was a "Situation," then, that would give me the home-life I like best, and felt myself best suited for; but—would it answer in other respects? I overcast the long seam I was sewing twice over, I was so busy trying to make up my mind whether I liked Will Broomly well enough to pass my whole life with him; and even then I had not come to any decision, when I was called down stairs to Letty Walers.

Letty was the prettiest, I think, of all my friends, and certainly the liveliest. Tom called her "the tonic" and used to laugh heartily at her bright speeches. I suppose it was this that made mother fix on Letty as his choice. When I came into the sitting room, I found a kind of cross-examination going on. It was amusing to anybody in the secret, as I was, to watch mother's artful way of continually bringing the conversation round, as if by chance, to bear on what she wanted to know. But it all amounted to nothing, either because Letty was too good a fencer, or because she really had nothing to betray. But, when Tom came home mother took good care to mention that Letty had called.

"What, the tonic?" said Tom. "Too bad I missed her."

"But for your choice being already made," said mother, with a covert scrutiny of his face, "I dare say you might always have as much of the tonic as you liked."

"But I go on the homœpathic principle, you know," answered Tom with a twinkle in his eye.

After that mother's belief in Letty's guiltiness wavered. Her suspicions were transferred from one to another of our acquaintance, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.

"It passes my comprehension," she said to me, despairingly one day. "I am positive I could tell the right one by Tom's face in a minute, and yet I have mentioned everybody we know."

Perhaps it is somebody we don't know," I suggested; "some friend of his we have never seen."

"What! a perfect stranger?" said mother, sharply. "Never talk to me in that way, child; Tom's not capable of that."

I was silent, for I did not want to worry her; but that was my opinion all the same.

The same evening—it was rather more than a week since Tom had hurled that thunderbolt of his at us—mother began about it openly.

"When are you going to introduce your wife to us, Tom? I suppose you have come to an understanding by this time?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," Tom said, as he had said before; but this time he did not speak quite so cheerfully. "The fact is, I have a rival," he continued with a little hesitation.

"A rival?" repeated mother, with unfeeling briskness.

"Yes, a young fellow—younger by a good deal than I am," and Tom's face assumed an absurdly doleful look. "He is always there now. I confess I don't see my way clear; I'm waiting for her to make up her mind."

"And she's waiting, most likely, for you to make up your's" said mother, forgetting, in her propensity to right matters, that she was playing the enemy's game.

"There's something in that that never occurred to me," said Tom, his face brightening. Mother saw her mistake, and made a counter-move at once.

"But the ways of my time are old-fashioned now; young ladies nowadays, take matters into their own hands. If she cared for you, you may be pretty sure she would not have waited tillthis time to let you know it—that is, I judge by the girls I am in the habit of seeing; but if this one is a stranger to me, I cannot pretend to form an opinion of her, of course."

"Of course," repeated Tom.

"Not that I have any such idea," resumed mother, growing warmer, "I have said, and I say again, that to bring a perfect stranger under this roof is not my opinion of you, Tom."

I felt my mother's words like so many pins and needles; for Tom was looking meditatively across at me, and, though it was a way of his, it seemed now as if he were reading in my face that the opinion was mine, and that I had been meddling in what did not concern me. I felt myself getting redder every moment, till it grew intolerable.

"It is so warm here," I said for an excuse, turning toward the French window. "I am going to get a breath of air."

I went out into our little strip of garden ground; Tom followed. I thought I should never have a better opportunity to say what I had it in my mind to say; so I waited for him by the bench under the old pear tree. "Sit down here, Tom," I said, "I've something to say to you."

"Have you?" said Tom; "that's odd, tor I—Well, never mind that, just yet. What is it, May."

"Tom," I said, still surer now he had misjudged me, and more resolved to set him right, "I want a place."

"A place?" repeated Tom, puzzled as well he might be, by this sudden and indefinite announcement; "what kind of place?"

"I don't know," I said, for, indeed, my ideas were of the vaguest. "I thought you might, being in the way of those things. Now pray, Tom," I went on quickly "don't fancy I am discontented, or—or anything of that sort; the truth is, ever since I left school I have wanted something to do, and had it in my mind to speak to you about it."

With this I looked at Tom, fearing he might be vexed; but he did not look vexed, only preoccupied.

"I do know of a place, as it happens," he said, after a while, "only I'm not sure how it would suit you."

"That's soon seen," said I. "What is it like?"

"Well,it's a sort of—of general usefulness"

"Why, it must be to run errands," said I laughing. "And where is it, Tom?"

"Well," said Tom, hesitatingly again, "it's with me."

"How soon can I have it?"

"The sooner the better, so far as I am concerned," said Tom, and with that he turned around and looked at me, and directly I met his eyes I knew somehow, all in a moment what it was he meant, and I knew too, both that I could not have passed all my life with Will Broomly, and why I could not.

I am sure Letty Walters, who interrupted us just then, must have thought my wits were wandering that evening, and indeed they were; for I was completely dazed with the sudden turn things had taken. But Tom, who had the advantage of me there, took it quite coolly and laughed and talked with Letty just the same as ever till she went away.

It was pretty late when we went in. Mother sat where we had left her knitting in the twilight.

"Wasn't that Letty Walters with you a while ago?" she said, as we came up.

"Yes," said I, with a confused feeling of an explanation of something being necessary; "she just came to bring the new crochet-pattern she promised me."

"H'm!" said mother, as much as to say she had her own ideas as to what Letty came for.

Tom had been wandering around the room in an absent sort of fashion, taking up and putting down in the wrong places all the small objects that fell in his way. He came up and took a seat by mother, I became of a sudden very busy with the plants in the window; for I knew he was going to tell her.

"Wish me joy, Aunt Anne," said he, "it's all settled."

"Settled, is it?" said mother, in anything but a joyful tone. "So it's as I suspected all along. Well, you have my best wishes, Tom; perhaps you may be happy together after all, I'm sure I hope so."

This wasn't a very encouraging sort of congratulation, and Tom seemed rather taken aback by it.

"I'm sorry you're not pleased," he said, after a pause; "I had an idea somehow you would be."

"I don't know from what you judged. But there, it's no use crying over spilt milk. You will be married directly, I presume; I must be looking out for a house," and mother stroked her nose reflectively with her knitting needle.

"What for?" said Tom; "I thought of keeping on here all the same."

"I never supposed otherwise," said mother. "Of course I did not expect to turn you out of your own house."

"But what is the need of looking out for another, then?"

"Why, for myself."

"For yourself!" repeated Tom, in a tone of utter amazement. "Going to leave us—just now? Why, Aunt Anna I never heard of such a thing."

"Now, Tom," said mother, speaking very fast, and making her needles fly in concert, "we might as well come to an understanding at once on this subject. I am fully sensible of your past kindness—now just let me finish—I say I appreciate it, and have tried to do my duty by you in return, as I hope I should always be ready to do. I wish all good to you and your wife, and shall be glad to help her if ever I can, but to live in the same house with her is what would turn out pie-santly for neither of us, and, once for all, I can't do it."

"Aunt Anne," said Tom, pushing back his chair, and staring in mother's exoited face, "either you or I must be out of our wits."

"It's not me, then, at any rate," retorted mother, getting nettled.

Amusement and a certain embarrassment had kept me a silent listener so far, but there was no standing this; I tried to speak, but could not, for laughing.

"I know you are all out of your wits together," said mother, turning sharply. "What ails the child? It's no laughing matter."

"You don't understand each other," I gasped: "Oh, dear! it—it's not Letty—oh—oh, dear!" and relapsed again.

"Not Letty?" repeated mother, turning to Tom. "Then why did you tell me so?"

"I never told you so," said Tom.

"Why, yes you did," persisted mother. "You come in and told me you were going to be married."

"Yes, so I am," said Tom, still at cross-purposes.

"Now, Tom Dean," said mother, rising and conforting him, "what do you mean? who is going to be your wife?"

"Why, May, of course," answered Tom.

"May!" and then, after a pause of inexpressible astonishment, it was mother's turn to laugh. "Do you mean to say Tom, it was that child you were thinking of all the while?"

"Why, who else could it be?" said Tom, simply.

"Well," said mother, "I ought to have remembered you never did do anything like anybody else. But, still, why in the world did you go to work in such a round-about way?"

"I wanted to see how you took to my idea," said Tom.

"And how do you suppose we were to guess your idea meant May?" mother asked.

"Who else could it be?" repeated Tom, falling back on what he evidently found an unanswerable argument. It was no use talking to him. Mother gave it up with a shake of the head.

"And you won't want another house, Aunt Anne?" said Tom, suddenly. That set mother off again; Tom joined her, and altogether I don't think we ever passed a merrier evening than the one that made us acquainted with Tom's wife.

Skilled Domestic Service.

There is no department of American life so cursed with ignorance and lack of skill as that of domestic service. There are thousands of families in this city—and the same fact obtains in other cities—who have no satisfactory service from year's end to year's end. The servants come and go, and lie and waste, and spoil and quarrel and steal. They have no loyalty, no faithfulness, no carefulness, no skill to do the duties which they undertake and which they loudly and confidently profess to understand. Their ignorance is only matched by their insolence. They have no disposition to learn, no ambition to become excellent, no desire to please, and no wish to remain for any considerable length of time in one place. The sailor's boarding-house, from which the men are dragged and shipped for every brief voyage, do not seem to be more demoralized and hopeless places than many of those holes so strangely dismaned "intelligence offices," from which scores of girls are sent into families every day—girls who are known to be inefficient, and who are expected back in search of another place before the first month is out. The waste of fuel in rich men's kitchens would keep all the poor people warm. The food thrown away, or ruined by recklessness and ignorance, would feed tens of thousands. Foreigners wonder that the American family takes to the boarding-house and the hotel, but the secret of this strange liking for hotel life is in the wretched service of domestic life. Women get tired and discouraged with housekeeping, and give it up.

If we see any tendency to improvement in domestic service, we should not trouble ourselves to write this article; but there is no such tendency apparent. We are every year more thoroughly satisfied that there must be some concert of action among the ladies of the city, on various points, before there can be any improvement. These points are, *first*, that no lady shall give a servant a certificate of character, or skill that overstates the facts in the slightest degree; *second*, that no servant shall be engaged who connot bring a satisfactory certificate from her last place, or give competent references; *third*, that when a mistress finds herself imposed upon by false representations, she immediately dismiss her servant, so that, at last, all incompetent servants be driven into places where their wages shall bear some proper relation to the value of their work.

So long as poor and dishonest servants are tolerated, and find no motive to make themselves better, they will not become better. The experience of our housekeepers has proved this. A poor servant who knows that she can walk out of her own house directly into another will not try to become excellent. She gets used to floating, and does not object to it. There is a pleasant excitement in it, to which she becomes accustomed. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of servants in New York who never stay three months in a place, and are in no way unhappy about it; and the good housekeepers of the city are responsible for their existence. If their credentials were properly looked into, they would find themselves driven into inferior places, or made humble and willing to learn.

We do not know why it is that it is supposed that cooking, as an art, needs never to be learned. Good cooking is among the best and most useful of all the arts. We are more dependent upon it for health, comfort and the economical administration of home life than any other whatever; yet not one in one hundred of our cooks ever learn her business, or ever think of learning it. We are driven to professional bakers for our bread and to the confectioners for our pastry, cake, puddings and cream. Our lady of the kitchen calls herself a cook if she can roast a joint so that it can be eaten, or broil a steak so that it cannot be eaten. If a dinner party is to be given, a professional cook must be called in to save the lady of the house from torment or disgrace. We pay for good service, and get that which is wretchedly incompetent.

There are two possible measures which might relieve us. If the city authorities would establish and maintain a bureau of registry which would receive no names but those of men and women who can establish, by the most reliable testimony, their competency in the different departments of domestic service, and so make it a prime object with all servants to get their names upon it, they would open a way out of our difficulties. The trouble is that no one is responsible for anything. A good-natured mistress gives her good-natured servant a "character" which does not belong to her, and on this she trades.

A bureau like the one we propose could be made self-supporting, and do incalculable good. It should be made so high an honor to get a place upon this registry, and so sure a guaranty of good wages and permanent service, that a motive for excellence is held constantly before those who expect to rely upon service for a livelihood. Then those who are willing to pay good wages for good service should never resort to any other source for it. If a servant applies for a first-class place who cannot get her name upon the register, she should not obtain it.

The second measure to which we allude is the establishment of a school of domestic service, so that any servant who really wishes to improve herself can be fitted for her work, whatever it may be, whether cooking, or waiting, or laundry-work, or the care of chambers. Our city is full of rich men—men with superfluous wealth. They will leave this wealth to charities and museums, and various objects more or less practicable and praiseworthy. What greater favor can these men do the city in which they have accumulated their money than by founding a school of domestic service, where men and women who have failed to learn their business, or who wish to enter upon service, can acquire a practical knowledge of their work?

Surely there must be, in a nation like ours, some way out of our present troubles. We have put nearly everything in a way of mending but this, and before it we seem to stand helpless. Are not the remedies we propose practicable? If they are, then they should be applied. The first measure we propose would not be complete without the other, and the latter, established in some way, would not work well without the former. We want not only the instruction, but the public recognition of it. We want a standard that shall establish and maintain a distinction—honorable on one side and dishonorable on the other—between good servants and bad servants. Such a standard would, while increasing the comfort and economy of home-life, make service an intelligent and respectable art, and elevate the *morale* of all engaged in it.—*Dr. F. G. Holland, Scribner's for July.*

☞ A poor dog is kept at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, to be led in and half suffocated for the amusement of visitors. The cave is filled with carbonic acid, to the depth of two feet, and while a man suffers no uneasiness, the dog by his side soon falls and would die if not immediately carried to the outside air. The man who keeps him leads him in to suffer semi-asphyxia a dozen times a day, and the fool of a dog wags his tail and licks his master's hand after each performance, Moral—?

☞ Experiments have just been instituted in Berlin, with a view of determining what harm is really done to the roots of trees and shrubs by coal-gas escaping from pipes and permeating the soil. It has been found that even so small a quantity as twenty-five cubic feet of gas per day, distributed through 576 cubic feet of earth, rapidly kills the rootlets of all trees with which it comes in contact.

☞ "Deliver me from a person who never does wrong, and knows it!" exclaimed Mr. Beecher. "Deliver me from a man whose tongue never made a mistake, and who keeps a note of the fact!. If there is any one thing more provoking to a sinner—and we are all sinners—then another, it is one of these consciously perfect folks."

☞ A foolish young man in Savannah, Ga., fired his revolver into the bung-hole of an empty kerosene barrel. The barrel burst, breaking his nose, gashing his forehead, and knocking him more senseless than he was at first.

Historical Memoranda.

An Old Commission.

Sometime ago we published in this column, the will of Major George Berry of Falmouth, which was executed on the occasion of his leaving home and entering the service of King George the Second, as a Captain of Militia. While in Portland recently, through the favor of A. M. Burton, Esq., Treasurer of the Maine Savings Bank, we were shown the original Commission which was granted to George Berry on this occasion. This ancient document is in an excellent state of preservation and was presented to Mr. Burton, by the widow of the late Dr. Robert P. Berry of Newport, R. I., who was a great grandson of George Berry. The Commission bears the autograph signature of Spencer Phips, Esq., at the time Lieutenant Governor and commander in Chief of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. Below we give the document entire:

Province of Massachusett Bay. } SPENCER PHIPS, Esq., Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, &c.

To GEORGE BERRY, GENTLEMAN, Greeting:

By virtue of the Power and Authority in and by His Majesty's Royal Commission to me granted, to be Lieutenant Governor over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay, aforesaid, and Commander-in-Chief during the absence of the Captain General; I do by these Presents, (reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct), constitute and appoint you, the said George Berry, to be Captain of fifty men, Volunteers in his Majesty's service to range the Indian's Hunting Grounds between the Eastern Frontier and Canada.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a Captain in leading, ordering and exercising said company in arms, both inferior officers and soldiers, and to keep them in good order and discipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Captain and yourself to observe and follow such orders and instructions as you shall from time to time receive from me, or the Commander-in-Chief for the time being, or other superior officers for His Majesty's service, according to Military Rules and Dicipline, pursuant to the Trust reposed in you.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at Boston, the twenty-sixth Day of October, in the thirtieth year of the reign of his Majesty, King George the Second. Annoy: Domini, 1756. S. PHIPS.

By His Honor's command:
THOMAS CLARK, *Dept. Sec'y.*

Arnold's March Through Norridgewock.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, Gen. Arnold was ordered to march a detachment of forces to Quebec, by way of Kennebec, and, if possible to make himself master of that city. The detachment consisted of ten companies of infantry belonging to New England, and three companies of riflemen from Virginia, and Pennsylvania, amounting to about eleven hundred men. The first of October, 1775, the army passed through Norridgewock, with their ammunition and stores. Gen. Arnold stopped at Thomas Farrington's, where he saw the first child born of English parents in the place. This was Abel Farrington, then four-months old. The General also spent the night at Lovell Fairbrother's. The settlers volunteered to assist in getting the boats, artillery, and stores over Norridgewock falls. The following extract from "Surgeon Senter's" journal gives some interesting particulars of the march:

Wednesday, (*Oct.*) 4, 1775. As the rapids (of Wassarunskeig) afforded but a tedious route of three miles by water round, I chose rather to take the advantage of the carrying places, which was two and a half miles only; accordingly I had bont and baggage carried over by land to the foot of the falls, where we were obliged to put in and cross over the opposite side ere we could carry by the falls. This was a very high water fall, and exceedingly difficult carrying by. After backing all the boats, provisions, camps, equipage, etc., over, we again advanced up the river. Not far had we advanced ere we came to a fall called *Scunkhegon*. With a great difficulty we passed this, but not without coming very nigh losing one of my hands. After passing these, I proceeded about half a mile and tented.

Thursday, 5. We were now within about four and a half miles of Norridgewock, where I left the charge of my batteaux to my lads, and proceeded up the river by land, till within about half a mile, where I contracted with a couple of savages who followed the army, to take charge of the boat, in consequence of the water growing exceedingly rapid. They conducted her safe to the foot of the Norridgewock falls, where they were (that is, the batteaux) all hauled up. We now had a number of teams employed in conveying the batteaux, provisions, camp equipage, etc., over this carrying place. By this time many of our batteaux were nothing but wrecks, some tore to pieces, etc., the carpenters were employed in repairing them, while the rest of the army were busy in carrying over the provisions, etc. A quantity of dry cod fish, by this time was received, as likewise a number of barrels of dry bread, the fish lying loose in the batteaux, and being continualling washed with the fresh water running into the batteaux, the bread casks not being water-proof admitted the water in plenty, swelled the bread, burst the casks, as well as soured the whole bread. The same fate attended a number of fine casks of peas. These with the others were condemned. We were now curtailed of a very valuable and large part of our provisions, ere we had entered the wilderness, or left the inhabitants. Our fare now was reduced to salt pork and flour. Beef we had now and then, when we could purchase a fat creature, but that was seldom. A few barrels of salt beef, remained on hand, but of so indifferent quality as scarce to be eaten, being killed in the heat of summer, took much damage after salting, that rendered it not only very unwholesome, but very unpalatable.

Friday, 6. Several of our army were continued to be troubled with the dysentery, of which disease, Capt. Willians, a gentleman from Connecticut came nigh to lose his life. Continued getting over provisions, etc. Weather mostly cloudy, and considerable rain.

Saturday, 7. We were still at Norridgewock, where was now the most of the army. By a council of tae officers, it was thought advisable to send letters into Quebec, informing some gentlemen of that city of our movements. After the dispatches were written, it was concluded to send one Mr. Jackquith, an inhabitant of this river and native of Germany, who spoke the French language, in company with two Penobscot Indians, by name Sabattis and Enneos, who were well acquainted with the wilderness through, as well as the inhabitants of the country where they were going. Accordingly they were dispatched in a bark canoe, taking a sufficient quantity of provisions for the purpose.

Sunday, 8. Our provisions were now all over, and had it not been for the inclemency of the weather, we should have decamped. No occurrences of note this day.

Monday, 9. Early this morn we were all in motion, and bid good bye to Norridgewock. I ordered my lads on board of the batteaux, and took foot bail. We proceeded up the seven mile stream, so called, which was about six miles from our last stage. Swift current. Made but poor speed—exceeding load. After coming to the seven mile stream I betook myself to my boat, and continued our progress about three miles further where we encamped. Much indisposed this day."

An Old Duel.

A California paper reprints the story of the duel, thirty years ago, between John Hampden Pleasants, editor of the Richmond *Whig*, and Thomas Ritchie, Jr., editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*. The challenge from Pleasants to Ritchie was one of the most extraordinary ever sent: "I will be on the Manchester side of the James River, near the factory between the river and canal, to-morrow morning at five o'clock, armed with rifle, pistol and sword. We will advance and fire on each other till one or the other falls." This was the substance of Mt. Pleasant's challenge.

Mr. Ritchie objected to it for various reasons, among which were: "Because it gives the challenging party first choice of time, place and weapons, a right invariably accorded by the 'code' to the challenged; because its terms are savage, sanguinary and revolting to the tastes of civilized society. Notwithstanding these objections, I will be at the place at the named, armed in the manner described, and will defend myself from any attack made on me." When the duel came off, Pleasants was mortally wounded, but returned Ritchie's fire and continued to advance on him, and, when within striking distance, drew his sword, giving Ritchie a severe cut on the lip, which was all the wound the latter received. Pleasants lingered only a few days, and Ritchie ended his life by remorseful dissipation.

☞ A temperance circular says: "Our country is swimming in a sea of rum," while mighty waves of beer and whiskey are rocking it from centre to circumference.

Our Young Folks' Column.

JIMMY.

Jimmy and I are fellows for play!
Never tired of it, rain or shine.
Jimmy was six the last birthday,
While I was only—sixty-nine!

So little Master Commonsense
Gives himself superior airs,
Guiding my inexperience
By the wisdom under his own white hairs.

Sometimes it happens the hoary sage—
Over anxious for Number One—
Turns to account my tender age,
And I am most atrociously 'done.'

No matter how it may chance to be,
Jimmy's argument never fails;
The copier is always wrong for me,
And Jimmy is winner, heads or tails.

Well, I have lived to be boy and man,
Dad and grandad, and yet, I vow,
Never was I in my threescore and ten
Half so sharp as Jimmy is now!

And sadly the question bothers me,
As I stop in my play to look at him—
What will the Twentieth Century be,
If the Nineteenth's youngsters are all like Jim?

"I Will Try."

There is a Society in London, known as the Society of Arts. Its object is the encouragement of talent in the departments of art. Prizes are awarded by the painters for the pictures, and sometimes to humbler artisans for improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of bonnets, lace, etc.

More than half a century ago, a little fellow, named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of paintings at the Society's rooms. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and color with remarkable skill. "Look you, William," said his mother, "I saw some paintings in the Exhibition which did not seem to me half as good as some of yours."

"Do you really think so, mother?" asked he.

"I am sure of it," she replied. "I saw some paintings inferior, both in color and drawing, to some that are hanging in your chamber."

William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls at the next exhibition."

"Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

"O! mother, do you think I should stand any chance of success?"

"Nothing venture, nothing have: said his mother. "You can but try."

"And *I will* try, mother dear, said William. "I have an historical subject in my head out of which I think I can make a picture."

"What is it William?"

"The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him? He led a mob in the time of Richard the Second. He behaved insolently before the King at Smithfield, and was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then despatched by the King's attendants."

"It is a bold subject, William; but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it."

"If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again."

"To be sure you can, William. So we will not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver palette, offered by the Society for the best historical painting."

Without more ado little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the various costumes of the year 1381; he learned how the King and the noblemen used to dress, and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and warkmen, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learned what sort of weapons were carried in those days.

After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped, in imagination, the persons present at the scene—the King and his attendants; Walworth the Mayor; Wat Tyler himself, and in the background some of his ruffianly companions.

The difficulty now was to select that' period of action best fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in attitudes the most natural and expressive. Many times did little William make a sketch on paper, and obliterate it, dissatisfied with his work. At times he almost despaired of accomplishing anything that should do justice to the conception of his mind. But after many failures, he completed a sketch which he decided to transfer to canvas.

He now labored diligently at his task, and took every opportunity to improve himself in a knowledge of colors and their effects. At length the day for handing in his picture arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to merits. On the day appointed for the announcement of the decision, many persons of distinction were present, including ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk.

William's mother was present, of course. She sat waiting the result, with a beating heart. What a gratified mother she was when after the transaction of some uninteresting business it was announced that the prize of a silver palette for the best historical pictures was awarded to the painter of the piece entitled, "The Death of Wat Tyler."

When it was found that William Ross was the successful artist, the applause of the audience broke forth with enthusiasm. To see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age was a novelty and surprise. William was summoned with his picture to the duke's chair, and here he received such counsel and encouragement as were of great service to him in his future career. He became at length Sir William Ross, miniature painter to the Queen, having risen to fortune and to fame, by carrying out his determination and perseverance, his sample promise to his mother, of "*I will try.*"

Caring for Sparrows.

A little girl, seeing the servant throw the crumbs into the fire, said, "Don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But" said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help him take care of the little birds, than scatter or waste the food that he gives us."

So she carefully collected what was left of the crumbs, and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot, and picked up the crumbs she had scattered. After this, she every day collected in a little basket the crumbs and bits of bread that had fallen around the table, and threw them under the window for the little birds; and during all the winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support. How beautiful it was to see this little girl trying "to help God," as she said, and thus early learning to be kind to the helpless of God's creatures!"—*Well Spring.*

Hold on Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie speak harshly, or say an improper word.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, and imposed upon.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth, and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

"What Father Takes."

There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time, accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "what will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. Quicker than lightning various thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who were acquainted with him, he said:

"Waiter, I'll take water."

Artemus Ward as an actor.

Said Artemus Ward: "I like art; I admire dramatic art, although I failed as an actor. The play was the "Ruins of Pompeii;" I played the ruins. It was not a very successful performance—but was better than the "Burning Mountain." He was not good; he was a bad Vesuvius. The remembrances of it makes me ask: "Where are the boys of my youth?" I assure you this is no conundrum. Some are among you here, some in America, some are in jail. Hence arises a most touching question. "Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married, some would like to be. O my Maria! Alas! she married, another—they frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am. Some people are not very happy; I have noticed that. My orchestra is small—but I am sure it is good so far as it goes. I give my pianist two pounds a night and his washing. I like music. I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me—they are sadder even than I am."

TO INVESTORS.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company having determined to close its 7-30 First Mortgage Gold Loan,

and thereafter pay no higher rate of interest than six per cent. on further issues of its bonds, THE LIMITED REMAINDER OF THE 7 3-10 LOAN IS NOW BEING DISPOSED OF through the usual agencies.

The attention of those wishing to reinvest

July Coupons and Dividends

is called to this favorable opportunity for obtaining these bonds.

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